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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Before long the Commons will cease to attract; the Lords will be the centre of interest. What will they do with old-age pensions? What will they do with the Licensing Bill? There is some live interest about these things in the Lords, for it is not certain what they will do. The Lords are their own masters; they cannot be gagged, and no Premier can send them to their constituents. Lord Lansdowne the other day seemed inclined—mildly—to assert the rights of his House against the Commons; or rather against the Government. Lord Crewe was all apology in answer. As to the Bills, we think the Lords may throw out the Licensing Bill; but not old-age pensions. The scheme is a bad one; it could hardly be worse. But the Lords are precluded from recasting it, and if they threw it out, it would be taken as a rejection of the whole idea of pensions for the aged. This would be most unfortunate and untrue.

If the Prime Minister's outline of business for the session prove anything but a wish, Peers will need truly to stand up for their rights, almost for their lives; such will be the burden of work cast on them between 12 October and Christmas. Really, it is perfectly absurd, as Mr. Balfour protested, for Mr. Asquith to talk about all these Bills going through this session, autumn sitting and all. Business is backward, the programme very contentious, though Mr. Asquith did give the go-by to education, and yet he expects this enormous output for the session. Hardly a Bill has been carefully discussed. In spite of all this rushing and closure and hustling, the Government has passed hardly one first-class Bill. And it cannot all be laid at the Peers' door. Look at the time wasted this session over Mr. McKenna's Education Bill.

Mr. Balfour in his speech to the Parents' League on Monday settled beyond any mistake the lines of future Conservative education policy. The axe is to be laid

to the root of undenominationalism—the Cowper-Temple clause is to go—the parent is to settle the religion his child is to be taught—all schools must admit denominational teachers of all kinds. This will be a real settlement, and for the first time there will be justice in religious education. The Dean of Canterbury represented the clergy at this meeting. He was very right to remark on the "too great disposition for compromise in some quarters where they should look for leadership". If the leaders of the Church will boldly come forward, Mr. Balfour will settle "the religious question". The bishops are good men, but too often they require pushing by their followers.

Soon anybody who wants to follow politics intelligently will have to go in the flesh to every important meeting. Read the speeches now he cannot. This speech of Mr. Balfour's to the Parents' League is one of the most important any public man has made for years. Yet the "Times" does not report it in full. "Mr. Balfour, after giving a résumé of his previous points, said." Thus the sub-editor suppresses Mr. Balfour's words as superfluous. It really is too much that even Mr. Balfour must be be-devilled by sub-editors. Who wants their view of the relative importance of Mr. Balfour, or any other first-rate man's sentences? But Mr. Balfour is cut down now to make room for a débutante's gown or a bride's fine linen.

When Lord Campbell was made Lord Chancellor, a great contemporary of his is said to have quoted "Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis—all, as the weird women promised." It is also alleged that he stopped significantly and forbore to finish the quotation, "And, I fear, thou play'st most foully for't". No such sinister reflection disturbed any mind in the large assembly met in Lincoln's Inn Hall to honour Mr. Asquith, when they wondered, as they must have, at the career of which there are only two parallel examples in the history of Parliament and the Bar—the careers of Pitt and Perceval. The Bar breeds politicians by the score in every Parliament, and even a prolific brood of Cabinet Ministers, as Sir Edward Clarke pointed out. It has taken a hundred years to produce a Prime Minister.

Why, one hardly knows. This is one of the Goddess Fortune's arcana. She seems to forbid political honour

to the lawyer who has been so successful as to become a law adviser of the Crown. A greater advocate than Mr. Asquith was his chief panegyrist at the dinner. Did he wonder, or did he know, why Mr. Asquith was taken and he left, though he would have been as glad to desert law for politics? A greater man, Lord Cairns, came nearer and yet missed. The Fates were against him, as they have been against all really successful lawyers. The Bar remembers many who were more brilliant in the Courts than Mr. Asquith, and some who more than rivalled him in commanding "the applause of listening Senates". Fortune was kind to them in another way than she has been kind to Mr. Asquith, as he said; and a profession that can claim from Fortune the Premiership or the Woolsack has no grievance against her.

Need we have sympathy for the poor people who get office and then find they have some work to do? It is usual to represent a Cabinet Minister as a wretched man, cruelly overworked, cut off from all that makes life worth the living. Now, it seems, the party Whips are in an even direr plight. Lord Loreburn, at the dinner in Mr. Pease's honour, said that a Whip led the life of "a dog" to-day. Yet there are some hundreds of thousands of people in this country who would like to share his kennel. Mr. Pease made a bright speech, telling some capital tales of the business of whipping. But was he serious in saying that Liberals were "satisfied" with the results of the bye-elections? They must be very optimistic indeed if the eleven hundred knocked off their majority at Pembroke seems to be satisfactory. Mr. Pease is grieved by the use he supposes Conservatives make of money at elections. He seems to think that the voter can easily be bought. Mr. Pease should bear in mind that in blackening the character of his opponents he incidentally blackens the character of the electorate too.

We wonder how Liberal capitalists think of Mr. Lloyd George's enquiries into the Japanese system of graduated income tax. In the debate on the Finance Bill on Wednesday he spoke with a note of enthusiasm of that "successful" system which graduates up to five shillings in the pound. Some time ago we ventured to say that Mr. Lloyd George's notion of how the rich should be dealt with was Robespierre's rather than Mr. Snowden's: he would not kill the goose so much as grab a large number of its golden eggs. But five shillings in the pound plus other taxes and plus rates—why even Mr. Snowden will not perhaps go beyond this when he makes his first Budget.

The Access to Mountains Bill is dropped. A mountain has been made out of a molehill in this matter, and the Government have decided well not to trouble themselves further about it this Session. One would suppose, to hear some Radicals talk, that half the population of the British Isles were ardent members of the Alpine Club. As a fact not one man in ten thousand wants to climb a mountain even when he is on his holiday; and those who do want to climb can find plenty of mountains to climb and to picnic on. We fear the promoters of the measure have at the back of their minds the thought that the mountain, in Scotland at any rate, often belongs to a large landowner who is not a Radical in politics. Logically of course the public has not the moral right to accede to a rich man's mountain any more than to a poor man's onion patch.

What the Brussels Convention amounts to without the Penal Clauses it is rather hard to say, but the mere existence of an instrument which aims at discouraging bounties drives the free importer to frenzy. Hence the deputation of "about fifty" Radical members who waited on Mr. Asquith on Tuesday to denounce Ministers for not denouncing the Convention. Mr. Villiers made a wild attack on the Government for violating not merely the sacred principles of Free Trade but the Constitution itself. Mr. Villiers was promptly repudiated by the forty-nine, and Tariff Reformers at least need not be too hard on him. He extracted from Mr. Asquith the assurance that in upholding the anti-

bounty Convention the Government had not been untrue to Free Trade. How is that view to be reconciled with Radical declarations when the Convention was arranged? Perhaps the explanation is that the penal clause was for the Government the conscience clause. When Mr. Asquith says that members cannot be parties to any arrangement which restricts the sources of supply, either he talks nonsense or he admits that the modified treaty is worthless.

The Duke of Bedford made a most vigorous onslaught on the Territorial scheme on Thursday. To our mind he proved his case: the militia has been the great feeding-ground of the Army, and the militia has been destroyed. The Regular Army has been weakened and the forces available for home defence are less instead of more than they were. But the Duke will spoil all his military efforts if he goes on denouncing compulsory service. It is every day plainer that this is the only cure for the ills of our Army. Lord Carrington refused to take up Lord Middleton's challenge to him to pledge the Government not further to reduce the Regulars.

The Government attitude to the Navy as shown in Monday's debate is precisely their attitude to fiscal reform. They are prepared to carry out their own theories despite all lessons to be learnt from Britain's chief rivals. Mr. McKenna says that to build an inch beyond what is necessary for absolute security is mere waste; but the question is not whether Great Britain is going an inch beyond, but rather whether she is not falling many yards behind. It is false economy, which will have to be rectified later in haste and at the cost of haste. The truth is the Government are determined to keep expenditure down and to show a reduction in the National Debt. Mr. Arnold-Forster urged that the Government should meet foreign competition in construction with the aid of loans—a suggestion strongly supported by Mr. Bellairs and others. Between naval needs and financial expedients the Government are in a cleft stick.

The crew of submarine No. 9 have all recovered. They were saved by the cool daring of Lieutenant Groves, who was in command, and Lieutenant Warren. Petrol gas was escaping freely through an accident to the machinery, and all the men below had become unconscious and were in peril of suffocation when the officers rushed from the conning-tower to the engines. The task seemed impossible, but by putting wet cloths over their faces they contrived to get through the deadly fumes and to stop the ship. When aid came from outside, Groves was unconscious, his men lying all round. It was a splendid deed. Action like this is the upkeep of a nation's greatness.

The Clive Memorial Fund has reached over five thousand pounds: Lord Curzon has decided to close it. There is to be a statue of Clive in Charles Street, Whitehall, overlooking S. James' Park—a fine site—and a replica in marble for the Memorial Hall, Calcutta. The more one thinks of Clive, the more wonderful his work and personality appear. At the age of 27 to found the British Empire in India within five or six years' service!—there is surely nothing quite equal to Clive's record in the history of this country at any rate. It is usually rubbish to talk about the supreme men only being supreme through some chance of fortune: who really believes in "mute inglorious" Pitts, Nelsons, and Wellingtons? But what is so inspiring to think of in Clive's career is the fact that he rose swiftly without the aid of rank or name or money. More than this, his health was terribly against him, a tremendous handicap.

On the whole, though there are figures of English history far more familiar—and more agreeable—than Clive's, we may doubt whether there is one greater. As to patriotism, Nelson will probably always be before Clive in the public estimation. It was more conscious patriotism with him. The name of Nelson inspires affection—Clive's never could do that. But people who can read and think of Clive without admiration and

lively interest must either be uninformed or they must be without any emotion of patriotism; and they are to be pitied. Lord Curzon has done splendidly with his Clive memorial idea. He was exactly the man to carry it through.

The Prince of Wales started for Canada on Wednesday. He makes the voyage on the "Indomitable", one of our finest ships of war. The Quebec celebration is so deeply interesting and of such signal value to empire that one wishes it were dealt with in print with less common form. Canada, by the way, is very insistent just now about the restrictions on the free importation of her cattle. It is the way of the colonies to be insistent in these things. We hope the matter will be arranged amicably; but of course it must be shown beyond doubt that there is no longer the least danger of disease being spread by the removal of the restrictions.

Macedonia is again becoming interesting. A British Note dealing with disorder in that province has been presented to the Powers, and a Russian Note offering new proposals as to reforms is to follow. There seems a good prospect that the British suggestions will be accepted. Their general tenour is known. A flying band is to be organised under the command of a Turkish officer whose business it will be to stamp out these ruffians whatever their nationality. The suggestion that the command shall be in Turkish hands will prevent any apparent infringement of the Sultan's authority. If, however, the Porte had entertained any genuine desire to put a stop to the mutual massacres of Christians, it has had ample forces in the country to do it; but perhaps the continued existence of disorder is quite tolerable from the Turkish point of view, for it gives an excuse for the maintenance of a large army in the country which lives on the inhabitants and saves expense to the Porte. Obstruction from Constantinople may be expected.

And there is the grave situation within the Turkish army itself to be considered. Macedonia has been used as a training ground for troops, who are drafted off when wanted to Arabia, where rebellion is perpetually simmering. It is now clear, even on the admission of the Turkish officials, that mutiny is raging in the Macedonian army, one general officer has been actually assassinated and another seriously wounded, and some of the troops are in open revolt. The Sultan may therefore be glad to have Macedonian revolution nipped in the bud, but he is more likely to object to anything being done till mutiny is suppressed. An attempt on the part of the "Vossische Zeitung" to implicate the Balkan Committee in England seems to have fallen very flat. German official organs point out that the Powers will all be governed in this matter by their own interests, and will not act in groups, nor does Germany wish to pose as the Sultan's backer. Is this because Austria is believed to be favourable to the British plan, which indeed is said to be founded on a suggestion from the Bauplatz?

The French Republic might choose some less ill-omened day for its national fête than the anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. The more we get to understand that orgy of disorder the more scandalous does it appear. Imagine that in London a mob of socialists, busybodies, and loafers took advantage of a combined police and military strike to make a riot, and afterwards, with the aid of a body of army deserters, rushed the Tower and murdered some of the beef-eaters; we should think it an excessively despicable proceeding, and yet this is what the capture of the Bastille in fact was. The Bastille as a prison did not deserve the popular hatred so lavishly poured out on it.

Indeed, there were many points in its regulations which a prison reformer might usefully consider. At this moment the House of Commons is worried as to how to treat the captive suffragettes. Let our M.P.s read in *Mademoiselle de Launay's Memoirs*

the fate that befell herself and her colleagues in the Cellamare-Alberoni conspiracy after they were lodged in the Bastille, and they will see that women political offenders (except perhaps as to the duration of their punishment) got far milder measure from the Government of the Regent d'Orléans than is their lot in England to-day under Mr. Herbert Gladstone. Such courtesies and privileges as alleviated the lot of *Mademoiselle de Launay* and many another Bastille captive have their ridiculous side. But so far as mere gentleness and courtesy in prison treatment goes, especially where women are concerned, the Bastille may teach a lesson to Holloway.

Mr. Gladstone is determined to be stern with his women prisoners. No doubt he has the support of the House of Commons and the country in his decision to keep the suffragettes in prison until they have served their terms. They would be released if they would promise to be of good behaviour. As this means that they will not break windows and talk of throwing bombs, assault the police, and make disorderly scenes in the streets, their refusal amounts to a determination to set law and decency at defiance again if they are released. They are in prison because they have broken the law and not because they are suffragists. Why should they be released? They are common brawlers and rioters as an election mob breaking windows would be. It is an aggravation of their offences and not a palliation that they are women.

Mr. Justice Phillimore has heavy work in the Mile End Guardians prosecution, which is expected to last a fortnight. He was solicitous too about the health of the jurymen, as a casualty amongst them might be serious; and with twelve men there is considerable risk. The importance of the trial is evident, and the presence of the Attorney and Solicitor General is significant. It is the sequel and wind-up of the series of investigations into the Mile End Guardians' transactions which began with the Local Government Board inquiry, the trial in which Calcutt, a contractor for much of the Guardians' work, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and that of last week, when Cade, a contracting coal merchant, was acquitted.

There are ten Guardians accused of conspiring with Calcutt and several others to obtain money from the corporate body by passing his false bills; and under the Public Bodies Corrupt Practices Act of receiving bribes from Calcutt out of the money he was thus improperly allowed to receive. Calcutt is the principal witness, and there is intense feeling between the witness-box and the dock. This is natural where the accusations are made by one who asserts himself to be an accomplice. And besides this the Guardians have alleged that, so far from Calcutt having used the money he obtained in bribing them, he spent it on certain women. This attack has excited Mr. Justice Phillimore's sympathies with Calcutt in the difficulties this may give rise to in his domestic relations, and there have been some rather curious episodes arising out of it.

There will be a still more remarkable case at the Old Bailey, probably next Sessions, as the magistrate at Bow Street has committed Mr. Sievier for trial on the charge of obtaining money by threats from Mr. J. B. Joel. After refusing bail on remand the magistrate, pending trial, has allowed it, and has fixed the extraordinarily large sums of £10,000 with two sureties and £10,000 with Mr. Sievier's own security. A police-court rarely is the scene of such elaborate examination and cross-examination by eminent King's Counsel as Mr. Gill and Mr. Shearman have displayed in this remarkable duel à outrance between the prosecutor and the accused, who are making appalling charges against each other. And these counsel, who are accustomed to be the leaders in the most important cases, are to be led when the trial comes on by Sir Edward Carson for Mr. Joel and Mr. Rufus Isaacs for Mr. Sievier.

The policeman and not the Inland Revenue officer is in future to look after the dodgers of dog licences, gun, game, and carriage licences, and armorial bearings. The Finance Bill gives these taxes to the local authorities, and as the Old Age Pensions Bill turns the Inland Revenue officer into a Pensions officer it seems fair that the local authorities should take over the collection. The change was proposed by a Unionist Government Bill in 1888, but has never been adopted. Whether one prefers the Inland Revenue officer or the policeman depends on which we think shuts his eyes most. The policeman on the beat has more local knowledge: but does it not make him a little blinder to local failings than the more remote and imperial Revenue officer is?

It is now stated that the three powers behind the "Times" are Lord Rothschild, Lord Cromer, and Lord Northcliffe; and that Lord Northcliffe is the chief owner. These names—with others—have been spoken of in connexion with the "Times" for some months past at several of the London clubs. Nothing is said about the "Times" Book Club and the war with the publishers, but we shall be surprised if under the new proprietary it is prosecuted much longer. For the last fortnight indeed that familiar legend about the "Trust" and the "boycott" has disappeared. There never, of course, has been any "trust" and there never has been any boycott. But the public ends by believing a statement that is made over and over again, and no doubt thousands of people firmly believe that the publishers club together and form one great monopoly.

The disappointment of the public at the results of the Cancer Research Fund is reflected we are afraid in the sixth report, which shows a falling off in subscriptions. After six years of earnest labour in experiment and otherwise of the best scientific ability of our own and other countries, nothing like the discovery of a positive curative treatment for cancer can be announced. Dr. Bashford the General Superintendent's statement is that a practical outcome is not yet in sight but a practical outcome is foreshadowed—the enhancing the resistance of an organism so that a malignant new growth will not be able to disseminate. There is, however, no substitute yet for prompt surgical operation. All other asserted remedies break down. The one hope is in scientific experiment; and we trust the public will not be disheartened and undervalue the fund because the process is slow.

Such pictures as Mr. Colnaghi has bequeathed to the nation have not much chance of going to the National Gallery with the prices in the sale rooms forced up by the competition of millionaires. The grant to the Gallery for this year is only £12,500, and Mr. Asquith says he cannot increase it. Not many Wouvermans and Gainsboroughs can be bought for that sum. If the four pictures bequeathed by Mr. Colnaghi had come into the market, Mr. Pierpont Morgan would have been more likely than the Gallery to secure them. The Colonna Raphael now in the Gallery is a loan from Mr. Morgan, who bought it for much more than the £40,000 at which Mr. Colnaghi had offered it to the Gallery. The pictures are a splendid nucleus for the future purchases that Mr. Colnaghi's fortune, which he has also left to the Trustees, will enable them to make.

A gentleman in a saffron-coloured kilt and buckled shoes was refused admission at the House of Lords lately. It now turns out that he was a symbol of the "Keltic Revival" and the Irish Nationalists are exceedingly angry with the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod who they say was "rude" to their friend. This is not the first time Black Rod has got into trouble with Nationalists and Radicals. We remember his interrupting a speech of no less a person than Mr. Labouchere on one occasion. At which there was a terrible outcry. It would certainly not be well to judge of a man's fitness to sit in the Strangers' Gallery by the cut of his clothes. But saffron kilts are so unusual that we do not wonder at the decision to keep this one out. The House of Lords is not a pantomime stage.

MR. BALFOUR AND THE PARENTS' LEAGUE.

MR. BALFOUR has arrived. If we could believe that the whole Church had arrived with him, the end of the seemingly eternal religious difficulty would not be in sight; it would be here. In the face of the public it has taken Mr. Balfour some time to arrive, though it is probable—to our mind it is certain—that mentally Mr. Balfour was some years ago where he now is avowedly. During the passage of the Bill of 1902 he refused to accept an amendment of Lord Hugh Cecil precisely on the lines of the speech Mr. Balfour has just made. But he so refused as to allow it to appear to those who had eyes that he was not refusing on principle. He saw then clearly enough—perhaps as clearly as now—that the existing undenominational plan based on the Cowper-Temple clause was indefensible intellectually and morally, as he also saw that the other aspect of our present system, a denominational arrangement which in multitudes of schools treated Nonconformists' children as Churchmen, would not endure. Could any plan be more difficult to excuse than one which counted as Church schools schools in which the bulk of the children were not the children of Churchmen, and which in most of the larger town schools served out for religious teaching a residue of Christianity, left over after the religion which the children's parents really believed in had been bartered away? On the one hand we have a denominational system which provides for children denominational teaching indeed—but not their own; on the other hand we have an undenominational system, whose only merit, the only merit logically tenable, one might almost say the only one claimed for it, is that it serves all alike by teaching none the religion he wants or believes in. An intellectual like Mr. Balfour must of course see through this absurd—and worse than absurd, dishonest—system the moment he considered it. Yet in 1902 he did not attempt to alter it. We blamed him for not doing so at the time, and we blame him now. Had he then taken courage and tackled religious education as well as secular, proposing a settlement on the lines of the speech he has just made, we have no doubt that all the sound and fury, much of the bitterness and animosity, of the education controversy would have spent itself before now. Once fairly afloat, a pan-denominational system (it is a bane of all educational controversy that decent English words for its various phases cannot be found) will be impossible for any party seriously and continuously to resist. There would not be steam to keep the opposition going. Mr. Balfour's explanation, of course, is that he could not do more than a certain amount at once: that he reformed secular education and that was enough. It is a good working excuse, very familiar, and generally acceptable to politicians. But in our view had he spared himself less then, much would have been spared him hereafter. It is right, however, to say that opinion on the question amongst Churchmen, especially the clergy, at that time was not generally formed, not so generally as now. If Mr. Balfour had adopted pan-denominationalism, there would undoubtedly have been a good deal, perhaps a great deal, of resentment amongst the clergy and sections of the Anglican laity, whose conception of religious education did not go beyond the keeping of our Church schools. We believe Mr. Balfour's authority would have carried the plan through in spite of domestic ructions. But we admit that it is a strong order for a leader to go through with a plan which he knows will anger a large number of the very people it is expressly intended to benefit, if not to please.

Anyway 1902 is gone and will not come again. Mr. Balfour himself might have recognised this a little more amply; one is rather impatient now of defence of that Act. It would be better to assume that there is nothing in it that wants defending. But there is point in referring back at this time to Mr. Balfour's view of the religious question then; for reference shows that he was never opposed in principle to the settlement he now openly and unreservedly proclaims. At any rate it is plain that if he thought before that the plan had come but not the hour, he is now convinced that both the hour and the plan are here. This makes his speech to

the Parents' League the most important statement on religious education since the whole controversy began. It is more important even than Mr. Forster's statements in 1870, which admittedly embodied a compromise, admittedly were temporary. The pan-denominational plan is not a compromise, it is not necessarily for a time only, it is final as far as anything human can be final. This speech makes clear the policy of the Unionist party as to religious education. The party cannot go back on Mr. Balfour's confession of faith, nor do we suppose it would ever have the smallest desire to go back on it. And the speech is the more important that it comes just after the Prime Minister's statement as to the business of the session, and Lord Crewe's answer to Lord Lansdowne. Mr. Asquith gave education the go-by altogether. Lord Crewe told Lord Lansdowne precisely that he knew nothing as to the future of the Education Bill. This can only mean that both Mr. McKenna's absurd Bill and the Bishop of St. Asaph's Bill are dead. This Government will effect no educational settlement. They have of course more sessions than this before them; but other matters, other Nonconformist matters, press for a place on the list. Education has come on for trial twice; Welsh Disestablishment has not yet even appeared in the cause list; and we should not be surprised if it never did. So everything tends to show that it will be left for Mr. Balfour, at the head of a Unionist Government, to settle this controversy. "Whether this Government", said Mr. Balfour, "or any Government will feel that after all the debates we have had the real outstanding grievances of any class in the community are so great that the labour and the turmoil of another Education Bill must be undertaken, I know not." One can very well understand him not caring to commit himself; education bills are not a treat; but there cannot seriously be any doubt that amongst the very first undertakings of the next Unionist Government will be a Bill to settle religious education in the elementary schools on the lines Mr. Balfour has laid down in this speech to the Parents' League.

The plan of allowing the parents to decide what religious teaching shall be given to their children has the irresistible advantage over all other plans that it establishes between all religious communions absolute equality, not by depriving all alike of something they want but by giving all alike everything they want. The Cowper-Temple system does not even establish equality on a negative basis; for it docks Churchmen and Roman Catholics of far more than it docks Nonconformists, if indeed they give up anything at all. But even if Cowper-Temple minimising did work equally, it would be unsatisfying and unjust. If we were all clapped into the same prison, we should hardly feel that justice was satisfied because no distinction was made between our rank as prisoners. Most of us would dwell more on the loss of our liberty than on the equality we enjoyed in its want. The pan-denominational plan, every child being taught according to its parents' denomination, leaves no one a grievance, unless it is a grievance, when you have what you want yourself, that other people should have it too. If the Nonconformist is taught what he believes, will he complain because the Churchman is taught what the Churchman believes? Even the secularist will have no grievance, for his child can claim secular teaching during the religious hour. It is a significant feature of our present system that the only denomination (a paradoxical but true use of the term) that gets its denominational right is secularism, that is non-religion. The secularist wants his child to be brought up without religion. Whether in Church school or Cowper-Temple school, the secularist parent can claim for his child as a right secular, though not designedly anti-religious, teaching in the religious hour. But the Churchman cannot claim Church teaching in a County school, the Nonconformist cannot claim Nonconformist teaching in a Church school. It is a gross inequality which only the compulsory appeal to the parents' choice can remedy. This would put those who have religious belief in the same position of advantage that the secularist enjoys now, but it would not be a position of privilege, which the secularist's now is.

We are very glad Mr. Balfour laid stress on the two sides of the proposed reform. "Your change must be

a double change." "You will have to allow, indeed to encourage, Nonconformist teaching in Church schools where the Nonconformist parents desire it, and you will have to allow effective denominational teaching in the Council schools." This of course means, and it is feeble to blink the truth, that Church schools as such will cease to be. If the secular education in a school is wholly out of the Church's control, if the religious teaching is no more of right on Church lines than on Nonconformist or Roman Catholic lines, what reality is there in calling it a Church school? It is true that a majority of the managers might, as now, be Churchmen, or of any denomination specified in the trust deed. But if the managers have no power to determine the religious teaching of the children, what is the significance of a majority of them being necessarily Churchmen? The principle of the Church school was given up, or given away, when the Kenyon-Slaney clause admitted to the management, religious and secular, persons who were not of the school's denomination. Mr. Balfour did not in terms lay down that the appeal to the parents necessitated the acceptance of publicly elected or appointed managers, and the Parents' League does not expressly admit it; but we can hardly imagine anyone after serious thought believing that the pan-denominational right can be established without the corresponding conversion of all schools into State schools for other than religious ends. Religion would then be the care not of particular schools, but of parents and the particular religious communion to which they belong, under the recognition and safeguard, but not the direction, of the State. Can any Churchman, any honestly religious man, doubt that under such a settlement religious teaching will be in an infinitely safer and stronger position than it is now?

LITTLE NAVYISM.

THE unreality of the naval debate on Monday suggests if anything the calm before the storm. The Government's critics seemed to be content with mere affairs of outposts in the certain knowledge that the battle would be joined when the Government's great naval programme of 1909-10 is demanded or revealed. The important point, therefore, is to consider when that critical period is due. In such a matter, when Parliament is still the chief arena of discussion, it is well to reflect on the past history of naval crises such as the anxiety in 1884 and 1888 in reference to France, and in 1893 as to France and Russia combined. In each of those years Parliament sat during the autumn, and on each occasion a great naval discussion took place in December which enabled the Government to reveal somewhat of their plans in reference to future ship-building programmes. In 1884 the Liberal Government fixed 2 December for a debate and then announced their programme for 1885 as one to be proceeded with "as rapidly as possible".

On 13 December 1888 the Unionist Government also announced "a larger and more comprehensive programme" for the following year. In 1893 the Opposition could not obtain a day except by what was practically a motion of censure demanding that "a considerable addition should at once be made to the Navy". This was fixed for 19 December, and entrusted to Lord George Hamilton, who had been First Lord of the Admiralty at the time of the Naval Defence Act of 1889. It is remarkable that in every one of these three scare years the Government were able to show that their own preparations had kept well ahead of France, and this was especially the case in 1884, when the expenditure on new construction had for several years been double that of France. Now that we are faced with far more efficient rivals in Germany and the United States, it is alarming to be told by a supporter of the Government that in the aggregate of three successive programmes the Government have provided for a less tonnage than Germany alone; and that the expenditure on new construction, armaments and repairs, or the whole material expenditure involved in the renewal and replacement of ships, has sunk to a proportion of only £1.18 for every pound sterling spent by Germany. We have

now had time to investigate this extraordinary charge. If we allow for our loss of the battleship "Montagu" and three destroyers during the three-years period that the Government has been in office, the figures reveal a decided excess of tonnage for Germany over England. The figures as to expenditure are official and therefore unchallenged.

The public, therefore, know now for the first time that the Government during their three years of office have provided for a less tonnage than Germany. The significance of this statement is intensified when we consider that the orders for Germany's entire naval programme for 1908, with the exception of an armoured cruiser, have now been placed, whereas, we believe, we have ordered only one small cruiser belonging to our own 1908 programme. At a time when the depression in the shipbuilding trade is the worst for fourteen years, and far worse in proportion to its normal output than fourteen years ago, the Admiralty draw the cheers of their Little Navy supporters by declaring that their new construction vote is the lowest for ten years in spite of the great increase in the cost of material to which Dr. Macnamara drew attention. It is evident that there is only one course open to the Opposition, and that is, as soon as full evidence is obtained by the autumn as to the way the German programme is maturing, to challenge the shipbuilding policy of the Government by a discussion during the autumn session, as occurred in the month of December in the three years we have mentioned. If this is not done, there is a grave danger of the triumph of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill in the Cabinet and the reduction of the fighting services.

The difficulties of the situation are very greatly increased by the needless pledges the Liberal leaders have given as to loans. As was pointed out in the debate, one-fourth of German naval expenditure is being met by loans, and the increase of over three millions sterling this year is to be followed by a fresh increase of three millions next year in annual naval estimates. Mr. Arnold-Forster's plea for loans was therefore received with cheers from both sides of the House. We cannot afford to drift into danger owing to priggish financial purity.

Mr. Lee attacked the secrecy policy, a silly phase, impossible to parliamentary government, which created a general atmosphere of suspicion abroad, increased by the newspaper advertisements of the mystery ships such as the "Dreadnought", the "Invincible" and the "Swift". This secrecy was then for the first time copied by Germany, obviously far better able to enforce it, living as she does under an autocratic Kaiser. There are undoubted benefits from secrecy if it can be really enforced, which is very doubtful in England; but probably untrammelled discussion is better. We are by no means desirous of making a point against any particular Government in this matter, for it is obvious that the policy of secrecy was commenced under the last Government and merely continued by their successors. What has happened before and since? There never were two opinions that British battleships were superior in design to foreign types in the days when the Admiralty courted criticism, and even sent their chief constructor, Sir William White, to read a paper to the Society of Naval Architects, so challenging discussion. Japan ordered the whole of her battleships in this country and the event justified her action. What has happened since the opposite policy was initiated? The "Dreadnought" was built with no other gun to fight a naval action but big 12-inch guns. Not a nation in the world followed this course, but one and all have supplemented the big 12-inch guns with quick-firing weapons capable of maintaining a hail of projectiles on the unarmoured parts and fire-control arrangements above the water-line of a ship. Even big guns can be disabled by hits on the long protruding muzzles. We have now virtually acknowledged this consensus of opinion to be right. We have commenced the cycle of evolution which brings the British Navy into line with criticism, for all the ships we have laid down subsequent to the "Dreadnought" carry a secondary battery of 4-inch guns. The cycle will inevitably bring us to the 6-inch gun with its easily man-handled 100-lb. projectile. We hope the lesson will not be lost on a

country which at one time appreciated the wise philosophy of Walter Bagehot's "Physics and Politics" concerning the progress of the world through discussion. In the meantime it would be a thousand pities if the general distrust of Admiralty policy which has resulted should in any way be used to delay designs and to prevent ships being laid down in the early part of next year. Such a result would follow if the Government complied with the request made by Sir George Robertson during the debate that we should have a parliamentary inquiry into the designs of our ships.

THE PEERS' OPPORTUNITY.

DISTINGUISHED politicians sometimes need reminding that there is an outside world which feels but a languid concern in their parliamentary fencing-matches. In their own little circle of kinsmen, friends, and sycophants they can reckon on every smart thrust or parry receiving its proper meed of applause. When their form has been unusually brilliant, they flatter themselves on having improved their reputations. But, in spite of the descriptive reporters and London-letter writers, we can assure them that they are doing no such thing. What the country or the party respects is not the mere capacity for making points in debate, but the sense to think out a plan and the courage to act upon it. Last Monday, for instance, Lord Lansdowne and Lord Crewe gave quite a pretty performance in the Upper House. The Leader of the Opposition Peers pulled the Government programme to pieces, and the Colonial Secretary neatly put them together again. But nothing was accomplished: nothing planned. Lord Lansdowne complained that the business of the Upper House was being hopelessly congested simply because the Government had given it nothing to do in the early part of the Session, but at the end would cram on it a mass of half-considered Bills. At the time when Lord Lansdowne was speaking there were ten measures of first-class importance (seven or eight of them being more or less contentious) not one of which had passed through the Commons. All of these, he said, the Lords would have to deal with before Christmas. This he declared was treatment which the Peers resented and would resist. The statement was unimpeachable and the sentiment admirable. But how does he mean to give them effect? Lord Crewe was too bland and politic to remind him that he had said the same thing several times before, but nothing had come of it. Instead of goading his adversary into action, he sought to minimise the amount of inconvenience to which his fellow Peers would be exposed. Now it should be plainly stated that the public does not trouble itself about the alleged toils of its legislators. In the House of Commons we know that men shrink from no sacrifice to obtain a seat. Therefore we may presume that they like it when they have got it. In the House of Lords, if members do not enjoy the work, they simply stay away. It is not, therefore, through sympathy with the sufferings of our public men that we object to an undue strain being laid upon the Upper House. The reason is that the Peers cannot do their work fitly if in the two or three weeks before Prorogation they are expected to revise six or seven complicated pieces of legislation.

It is, therefore, a matter of national interest that Lord Lansdowne, Lord Crewe, and their respective followers should reform a system which has no defenders. The question is not one between the two parties. Under Unionist rule the mischief has been almost equally obvious, and gave occasion for enemies of the House of Lords to say that when Conservatives are in office it abdicates its duty of revision. The truth is that under a Liberal Government the Peers are apt to simplify their task by rejecting Bills, and under a Conservative Government by accepting them—in each case without adequate consideration—as if there were no other available way of finishing their work before the date fixed for winding up. Nor is there any other way if the House holds itself bound to consider any number of Bills that Ministers may choose to bring forward. But why should it accept this unlimited liability? The Peers are masters of their own procedure. They are quite entitled to say what work they will undertake in

a single session and what they must refuse. Against that right there is no constitutional rule or doctrine; not even a resolution of the Commons. Instead of delivering a yearly tirade against the exorbitant programme of Ministers, let the Peers who take the most active part in business politely but firmly tell the Government that the plan of heaping Bills on the House of Lords at the end of the session must be given up. If this friendly hint is not accepted, they can act upon their warning. When a Bill is sent up too late they can simply decline to discuss it. They will formally put it on one side. There could be no question of defying the Commons or running counter to the popular will. The Bill thus disposed of would not have been rejected. It would not even be discussed. Certainly such action could not be made into a grievance. For even in those comparatively few cases where the public will has been strongly declared in favour of some particular measure, it would be absurd to pretend that the nation cares whether it be passed this year, next year, or the year after. In the last quarter of a century how many Bills could reasonably be described as urgent?

Partly through the long illness and delayed retirement of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, partly through the collective bungling of the Cabinet, the state of business in the present session is unusually and even ridiculously congested. Witness the form of closure specially passed for Committee in the Commons on the Licensing Bill. Together with Report and Third Reading, the allotted days are twenty-five, and of these twenty-three must be provided from the autumn sitting. At the rate of four days a week, the Commons will nearly have reached the end of November before the amended Bill can go to the Lords. Meantime little progress will have been made with any other of the Government measures except the Finance, the Irish Universities, the Port of London, and the Children's Protection Bills. This will leave the House of Lords confronted with five important and highly complex schemes—Licensing, Town Planning, English Land Valuation, Old Age Pensions, and Irish Land Purchase. The four or five weeks available for the Peers before Christmas are manifestly insufficient for half the work which the Government propose to throw upon them. There could not be a better opportunity of making a definite stand. Let the more influential and industrious members of the Upper House first hold an informal conference, and afterwards raise the question in a regular debate. This would be fair warning and would put the House right with the public. The idea is not a new one. It has several times been discussed by Lord Newton, but the question has been allowed to drift. Year after year it has been hoped that the House of Commons would either reorganise its own system of work or be led by a Prime Minister who could measure its capacity. Both expectations have been regularly disappointed. Mr. Balfour, we confess, was in this respect a bad manager. But at least he was superior to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who, after nearly forty years' experience, seemed quite incapable of adjusting work to time. Mr. Asquith, we know, makes profession of a better judgment, and talked sagely the other day about a "larger concentration of effort upon a smaller number of objects". So far, however, all he has done has been to adopt the most extravagant programme of the last quarter of a century. As he does not seem likely to be brought to his bearings in the Commons, it will be well for the Lords to effect the required adjustment. Everybody would be thankful—Lords, Commons, and Ministers themselves—for nobody can be happy in labouring, week after week, upon a measure which he knows, and everybody else knows, will never be passed into law.

PENNY POST FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP with France is becoming a very tiring sort of thing in these warm damp days at the end of the season. There is a set of bustling, meddling, loquacious folk who will not let it alone. They are always poking about its roots to see if it is growing, and how it is growing; or if it is growing at all. One would think they must be very doubtful about this tender and rare plant; they are so anxious and make such a fuss

about it. Why are we to be worried just now with sentimentalities about penny postage stamps and their adhesive qualities in binding together the affections of Englishmen and Frenchmen? At present there is surely enough to go on with in the Franco-British Exhibition and the Olympic Games. If anything would satisfy us as to free-trade finance, it is that Mr. Asquith and his Chancellor of the Exchequer are afraid to reduce the postage to France from twopence-halfpenny to a penny because the revenue will not stand it. Mr. Asquith says it would cost at least £85,000 a year; and, as that is certainly a very high price for friendship, he is determined to keep it in the Exchequer. We sympathise with Mr. Asquith and his Chancellor that these friends of the human race, just at this moment when the Government have had to cut down old-age pensions and their shipbuilding, should so unreasonably demand from them the sacrifice of eighty-five thousand pounds' worth of postage stamps. But they must be getting rather ashamed and angry at having so often to plead the poverty of the Exchequer. Why did they not declare roundly, as we should, that there is not the slightest reason for spending anything on reducing the postage rates to France? If Englishmen and Frenchmen cannot maintain an entente cordiale on twelve million five hundred thousand letters a year, how much correspondence will be necessary for the purpose? It is quite ridiculous to reckon the amount of friendship between people by the number of letters that pass between them. Nothing is worse for family peace than for its members constantly to be bombarding each other with letters. Many a domestic broil would be escaped if the inland postage were a shilling instead of a penny.

One of the most irritating circumstances of daily life is the perpetual dropping in of letters from people you do not want to hear from about matters you are sick of; letters that would never have been written, and, what is even more pleasant to think, would not be answered, if postage were not so absurdly cheap. What a kindly feeling we should have for many people if we never heard from them! We cannot have true respect for people who write verbose, pointless, slipshod letters without either matter or style; and yet this is the kind of letter we are all writing to one another in these days. This is the direct consequence of Sir Rowland Hill. Lord Blyth and Mr. Henniker Heaton, so far from being shocked at what we have come to, are proposing to make matters worse. There are to be six times more letters written in bad English by Frenchmen and six times more written in worse French by Englishmen than there are at present. And Mr. Henniker Heaton and Lord Blyth want to make us believe that we should admire and love one another the more for our brutal assaults on each other's language. This is the same kind of nonsense that is talked about the better understanding that nations have of one another through their newspapers. We go on talking as though we did not know that the mistakes and the arrogant tempers of newspapers make more trouble between nations than the mistakes and bad tempers of their Governments. When a local newspaper is set up in a district, it puts all the little great men of the neighbourhood at loggerheads. Increased communication means increased trouble.

There is a great difference of opinion amongst the experts in postal statistics on what would happen if the change took place. Lord Blyth is a postal enthusiast who thinks additional letters can be carried without additional cost. We can leave him to be dealt with on this point by the Postmaster-General. Postal figures are too impossible for reproduction here, and Mr. Buxton's may be read in the "Times" of Wednesday. But Lord Blyth's fallacy is similar to that of the deputation to Mr. Asquith "of all parties and shades of opinion" who assert that the more letters there are between England and France the greater will be the balance of friendship. Like Lord Blyth, they make it out to be all profit and increase of pleasure. But in accordance with an invariable law of nature and letter-writing, if correspondence increases three-fold by far the greater portion of it will be made up of letters which we shall want to throw into the fire. Every dunning creditor will write three letters where he would only have written one before;

and there will be three times more complaints in business transactions than there are at present. We do not affect the exactness of the ordinary statistician and speak of two and a half times. We say broadly three times: the third letter would always be written by the Englishman or Frenchman who will lose command over himself in proportion as he obtains command of cheap postal communication. The passion for epistolary scribbling grows by what it batters on. Do we not remember what happened when postcards came into use? They created a cacoethes scribendi, and people who caught it wrote simply because they could use a halfpenny instead of a penny stamp. There was no benefit to anybody but the Revenue from this creation of a superfluous habit. It would be the same if the postage to France were reduced to a penny. If Mr. Asquith had not been too hard up to make the best of his opportunities, instead of repeating the sentimental chatter of the deputation he ought to have given them what they asked and have suggested foreign post-cards at a centime. He should have fostered the bad habit of scribbling as he says the publicans foster the bad habit of nipping. He would then have had a bit over for old-age pensions and the Navy. But like other broken-down financiers he cannot wait the three necessary years for the harvest; not to mention that by that time probably another Government would reap where he had sown. The change will come before long, centime post-cards and all, we have no doubt, because when everybody can read and write and therefore nobody has anything to say worth saying, everybody wants to say it, and the demand is irresistible. Every cheapening of the postage can rely on this prevalent temper for ultimate success. This makes the now proposed change such a fine "broadening the basis" proposition. The prospect is almost illimitable, for why should we want to write to France and not to Germany, and Austria, and Italy, and other countries? To make the thing a success we ought all to learn Esperanto, and then with a bastard language and illimitable postcards we shall inaugurate a new era of culture, peace and humanity. And to think that this must be delayed because Mr. Asquith cannot afford out-of-pocket expenses! Though he is poor, we can see him proudly waiving aside Lord Blyth's magnificent offer to underwrite that shaky affair the Exchequer by a guarantee fund raised by private subscriptions.

THE CITY.

ANOTHER week of stagnation, varied only by the issue of £1,000,000 3½ per cent. debentures of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, known to all Anglo-Indians as the G.I.P. This it is needless to say is a really gilt-edged security, though no better than the 3½ per cent. debentures of the Agricultural Bank of Egypt, which stand (unaccountably) at 90½, and ought to be bought, either for the rise or as an investment to hold. The dead season is rapidly approaching, and Parliament adjourns in a fortnight. This is not usually a time for speculation, though we can remember Kaffir booms in August, and Yankee booms in September, but not in the year of a Presidential election. The brokers and jobbers who make the South African market do not as a rule go very far. Brighton is their favourite haunt; and it is quite as easy to make a boom while living at Brighton as while living in Bayswater. But we look forward to jerky markets until the autumn, a few days' rise and then a relapse into somnolence. The really sound Kaffirs, namely, East Rands and Rand Mines, are rising as we write. As East Rands get a half-yearly dividend of 4s. a share next month, we do not know why they linger round about 4.

There is perhaps no better barometer of the prosperity and habits of the middle classes than the trading results of a great catering concern like Spiers and Pond. As everybody knows, Spiers and Pond have declined from their former pinnacle, and have had two or three sad years. Whether this is owing to bad management, as some shareholders continue to assert, or to the clever competition of Lyons, it is difficult to say. As one of the directors reminded the annual meeting the other day, Spiers and Pond had fixed their prices, and got into their own groove of business, before the Messrs.

Lyons had started, and it was difficult to change. It always struck us that the Spiers and Pond hotels were dear, though we may be wrong. But be that as it may, the chairman, Mr. Crémieu-Javal, gave us some very interesting facts about last year's trading. "The spending power of the community had continued to diminish. In their restaurants and hotels, and indeed in every branch of their business, the company had secured more customers. In their hotels they had had 11,500 more customers than in the preceding year; but they took £823 less: their City restaurants had had an increase of over 16,000 customers, but they took only £980 more. From the whole of their 356,000 customers a penny per head less at every meal had been taken. As to the stores, a halfpenny per order less on the increased orders, amounting to 2,656,000, had been spent by the public." This is certainly remarkable, as showing a universal practice of economy on pleasure. A good deal of the diminished take in the hotels and restaurants is no doubt ascribable to the fact that people drink much less wine than they used to; but the decline of a halfpenny per order in the stores is eloquent of "pinching". And yet the newspapers write about the record season, &c. Nothing is so difficult to get at as the actual increase or diminution of individual fortunes in a year. Even the income-tax returns do not show it. Trade in the north is certainly falling off as compared with last year (which was extraordinary), but the revival of business on the Stock Exchange is still to come.

It requires some courage to introduce a Siberian gold mine to the public, after the humiliating collapse of the Siberian Proprietary Company, and its subsidiaries Troitzk and Orsk. It will be remembered that the £1 shares of the Siberian Proprietary were pushed up to £15, we think they even touched £17, and that Orsk were at one time £3 or thereabouts. Siberian Props are now nominally £1, and Orsk a few shillings. Nor was an illustrious board of well-known noblemen wanting to the Siberian Proprietary group: Lord Knollys, the present Lord Derby, and his brother Mr. Arthur Stanley, were amongst the directors whom Mr. Heyman Orkin induced to shepherd his enterprise. We remind our readers of these facts because some of the newspapers are trying to puff the Lena Goldfields on the ground that Lord Harris is the deputy-chairman. Lord Harris, we presume, may make a mistake about Russian mining propositions as well as Lord Derby and Lord Knollys; and peers on a front page rather excite our distrust. But the Lena Goldfields, so far as we can judge from the prospectus, are a very different proposition from Siberian Proprietary. Lena Goldfields Limited, with a share capital of £1,405,000, of which 1,251,000 shares are issued, and of which 236,500 are now offered to the public at par, is formed to hold 70 per cent. of the share capital of the Lena Gold Mining Company (Lenskoié), a Russian concern established in 1863, and to acquire from the vendor middleman, the Russian Mining Corporation, the contract to purchase the Bodaibo Railway in Russia. The Lena Gold Mining Company has, we are told, during its existence of forty-five years, won 2,392,000 ounces of gold yielding a gross value of £9,000,000. For the year 1906-7 the gross value of its gold production was £843,000, with a working profit of £232,000, while for 1907-8 it is estimated that the net profit will be £250,000. Moreover, there is the Bodaibo property which it is estimated will yield a working profit (when developed) of £1,389,000; besides which there are £400,000 in liquid assets, and £380,000 in plant, machinery, and buildings. They do things in a big way in Russia, and all this sounds magnificent. Mr. Frecheville, who is one of the directors of the new English Company, is generally regarded as the most competent and honourable mining engineer in London. Canadian issues have been numerous recently, the latest being the Western Canada Flour Mills Company, Limited.

INSURANCE—TWO COLONIAL LIFE OFFICES.

IN view of the fact that the Australian Mutual Provident Society is at last opening a branch in the United Kingdom, it is of interest to look at the latest valuation returns of the Company as rendered to

the Board of Trade, for the year ending December 1906. The Society makes an annual valuation, calculating its liabilities on the Healthy Males Table, and assuming interest at 3 per cent. for with-profit policies issued since 1902, assuming 3½ per cent. for with-profit policies issued prior to 1903, and 4 per cent. for non-participating assurances. The Society earns a high rate of interest and these reserves are ample, not merely for purposes of security, but as a source of surplus calculated to yield large bonuses. The method of bonus distribution adopted by the Society is one which yields large profits after policies have been in force for a few years: at the end of five years the reversionary additions to the sum assured average about £2 per cent. per annum, increasing to £3 at the end of thirty years, a result which is certainly excellent.

The Society, as its name implies, is a purely mutual office, possessing funds of 22½ millions. It has a premium income of £1,880,971, of which the commission and expenses absorb about 15½ per cent. This is a rate of expenditure that is extremely moderate for a Colonial company, and but little in excess of the average expenditure of English and Scottish companies.

In Australia the Society is very highly thought of. It has been known for some time that extension to the United Kingdom was contemplated, and its annual accounts and valuations which have been published for some time in the Board of Trade Blue-book, have shown people in this country that the Australian Mutual was in a position to hold its own with the companies having their head offices over here. We have not yet seen the Society's prospectus and know nothing at present as to the rates of premium which it charges or the conditions of its policies; that its financial position is abundantly strong, that its bonuses are good, and that it is fairly sure to have some distinct advantages to offer to British policyholders is clear from the accounts of the Company for the past few years.

We have just received the valuation report of the National Mutual of Australasia, for the three years ending at September 30, 1907. The assurances are valued by the Healthy Males Table, with interest at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum, and the interest actually earned upon the funds is about 4½ per cent. This gives a margin of 1½ per cent. per annum as a contribution to surplus.

According to the valuation return 16·4 per cent. of the premiums are reserved for future expenses, while the actual expenditure of the Company is about 25 per cent. The Association shows its rate of expenditure to be 14·3 per cent. of renewal premiums and 82 per cent. of the new premiums. If this is a proper distribution of the expenditure the cost of the new business leaves little to grumble at, but the renewal expenditure is high.

The National Mutual of Australasia is one of the best offices from which to buy annuities: it is quite safe and gives very good terms to annuitants. This is doubtless because of the high rate of interest earned upon the funds and the comparative insignificance of the question of expenditure in connexion with annuities. Another very good policy issued by the Association is one which guarantees the payment of a sum of money to a child on reaching the age of twenty-one, and provides that the premiums cease at the death of the parent prior to the child reaching twenty-one; if the child dies before maturity all the premiums are returned with 4 per cent. simple interest: we know of no policy of the kind that is so good as this.

The Association was founded in 1869, since which time it has accumulated funds amounting to nearly £5,000,000 and has 68,000 policies in force assuring £17,000,000. From the point of view of magnitude, therefore, it has done extremely well. It owes its origin to Colonel Templeton, who signed the directors' report in March 1908, but who was not well enough to attend the meeting, and has since died. His work remains as evidence of his energy and his ability, and while the Association experiences a heavy loss through his death its position is too well secured for this to impair its future prosperity.

MARINE DRAMA.

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

ALEXANDER shed tears when there were no more lands to conquer. Mr. Charles Frohman, a man of tougher fibre, has his eye on the sea. Weep, mermaids, on one another's shoulders. Sound the retreat, Tritons, on your horns. Hand over that trident, Neptune. The sea is to be subjugated. Trust the Trust.

Yes, Mr. Frohman has been in communication with the steamship companies. These have "promised to provide the floating theatre", and Mr. Frohman will do the rest. His idea is not, at present, to provide every steamship with a troop of mimes as permanent members of the crew. That will come, doubtless. Both in England and in America there are multitudes of mimes who cannot get engagements on dry land. The Atlantic will be for them, as for struggling young doctors, a welcome outlet. And maritime discipline will do for their art just what is so signally not done in our theatres. Brisk, handy, unselfish, breezy, trim, they will be attired throughout the day in a neat blue uniform. On their peaked caps they will wear a badge consisting of the masks of comedy and tragedy caught on either tip of an anchor. The leading man will be distinguished from the rest by nothing save a gold stripe or two on the sleeve. All of them will be up at five in the morning for rehearsal—five sharp. They will never be allowed to perform the same piece twice in one week. They will be liable to be put in irons if they miss a cue, or over-act, or under-act. If the ship happens to founder during a performance they will stick to their posts, continuing to speak their lines with spirit and devotion even on their way down to the ocean's bed. This sort of thing will do them no end of good, believe me. But we shall have to wait for it. For the present there is to be no specifically Atlantic school of acting. The performances on the liners are to be given by casual and irresponsible landlubbers. "I've got", says Mr. Frohman, "the plays and companies coming and going across the Atlantic all the while", and it is on them that he relies to charm our transits. How about rough weather? I do not like to think of Romeo staggering for foot-hold in the moon-lit garden, or of Juliet unable to retain her potion. Besides, many though Mr. Frohman's companies are, they will not suffice for anything like a regular service on the liners of even one steamship company. They come and go "all the while" doubtless; but it is rarely that more than two or three of them leave New York on the one hand, and Liverpool or Southampton on the other, in the course of one week. Liners will therefore frequently have to put out to sea with their theatres closed, and their passengers furious. At this moment, of course, there is no sane person who feels the slightest desire for nightly theatrical performances on the Atlantic. But Civilisation never gives us this or that because we want it. What she does is to give us things which we stupidly imagine we can't do without when once we have got them. Personally, I am not very liable to this illusion; and, whenever I go to America, I shall choose an unfrohmanised vessel.

Twelve years or so have elapsed since I was in America. The voyage in those days was a romantic and wonderful experience. For seven whole days one was cut off from the world, and existed, as it were, merely in space, free from the accretion of pleasant or unpleasant little fusses that compose one's every-day life. One sat and watched the sea, in sacramental detachment from all other things. One knew not what was going on elsewhere, and cared not. One rested and was thankful. Well, Signor Marconi has changed all that. At any moment, the purser or some other functionary may appear before you with an urgent Marconigram, reply prepaid. And every morning you are confronted by the startling head-lines of the local paper—"The Cunard Observer", let us say, or "The White Star Examiner"—whose contents are the food of thought and talk for the rest of the day. Soon, doubtless, there will be wireless telephones in every cabin, and a motor track round the upper deck. Civilisation insists that we shall have these things. She cannot bear to think of us evading for even six short days any

of the boons with which she has bedevilled our existence. And it has worried her very much to think of us ever being out of reach of Mr. Frohman's Theatrical Syndicate. Nor is she to be satisfied by the prospect of him conquering the Atlantic. "See," I hear her whisper in the ear of the great organiser, "see those little steamboats puffing to and fro between Dover and Calais. Think of the poor passengers on them, with a whole hour of their short lives being wasted." "One thing at a time, ma'am," says Mr. Frohman curtly, but jots down on his shirt-cuff "Channel steamers—one-act plays—why not?"

MILTON.

THERE are certainly different avenues to immortality, but it is a bizarre coincidence that the Milton tercentenary should come just when there is silly talk about putting up a statue to Dickens. Imagine the face of the man skilled to sing of time and eternity perusing, or hearing his "unkind daughters" read, the buffooneries of "Pickwick"! Next year brings the Tennyson centenary and the Johnson bicentenary. Tennyson's Milton sonnet may rank with Milton's own lines on Shakespeare, and Johnson's short life of the poet, which was absurdly described the other day at Cambridge as raking together everything that could be said in his discredit, has several fine and—considering that they came from a good hater—handsome sayings: for example, that Milton was one whom no mean employment could make mean, and that there was in him "a kind of humble dignity" which did not disdain the lowliest services to literature, such as the compilation of school primers; and was not Milton also a lexicographer? If Johnson says elsewhere that the warmest admirers of the writer of "Contra Salmasium" must allow that in controversy he "never spared any asperity of reproach or brutality of insolence," he rather understates the ferocious Billingsgate—"coarse and intemperate", says one of his biographers, beyond credence—to which the organ-voice of England, after invoking hallowed inspiration from the Eternal Spirit, condescended in his rage and fury. He wrote some things which the world would willingly let die. If Johnson had been bent on attacking Milton, he might have found abundant opening in the subversive sexual doctrines of the poet—though his energetic advocacy of polygamy had not, when Johnson wrote, come to light—in his defence of private assassination by "any who have the power" as a short way with prelate and unparliamentary rulers, or in his anarchical attitude towards fundamental Christian institutions, such as public worship or the observance of Sunday.

It is clear from the earlier poems that Milton was not always a fiery Puritan. In his youth he wrote an elegy on Bishop Andrewes and the familiar Hymn on the popish festival of the Nativity, which was ordered by the Long Parliament to be observed as a fast. Innocence in "Comus" (composed as a Michaelmas masque) is succoured by a "glistening guardian" from above, and in "On the Death of a fair Infant" departed saints are said to be better able to stand betwixt men and their deserved smart than living intercessors. One can hardly conceive the Latin Secretary delighting in the picture of the bellman's drowsy charm blessing the doors from nightly harm, far less in church windows richly light, in the pealing organ, the full-voiced quire, or the service high and anthems clear, which Milton's master shouted at in Ely Cathedral as foolery. Even in "Lycidas" St. Peter bears keys and mitre, and fair peace is bidden to a sable shroud. Evening is never compared in "Paradise Lost" to a nun or a votarist in palmer's weed. Milton's earlier attitude towards traditional Christianity, in fact, is not unlike that of his own "sweetest Shakspeare", from whom, however, as "the closest companion of his solitudes", King Charles is said, in "Iconoclastes", to have learnt dangerous stuff. It would indeed be very surprising if the chords of Milton's delicate and dreamy poetic sensitiveness had been wholly unstirred by the conservative reaction, half chivalrous and romantic, half ecclesiastical, which

marked the early Stuart period. What converted him to a morose puritanism and violent republicanism? His convictions became sombre and gloomy, but they were not Calvinistic and presbyterian. The tendency of his haughty and supercilious intellect was aristocratic. The fittest, he said, should rule, not the blockish vulgar, for "there is little virtue in numbers". The commonness and vulgarity of modern civilisation as developed by generations of Protestant democracy would have jarred every fibre of that fastidious and soaring temper. It is easy to say that it was the seriousness of the Puritan politicians or episcopal unspirituality which converted Milton into a Parliamentary hack-writer. There was at least as much spirituality and high seriousness in the Church of Herbert, Ferrer, Donne, and Laud as was to be found in the company of Hugh Peters and Tribulation Wholesome, and the atmosphere of King Charles' rather prudish and yet splendid and artistic Court might be supposed as attractive to a refined poet as Oliver's Whitehall.

Taking as impartial a survey as possible of Milton's attitude of mind, we have no doubt that for a man so inflated with arrogance as he was—the *ὕβρις*, if you will, of the *μεγαλόψυχος*, but still an absolute self-confidence and disdain for authority—no place could possibly have been found in the unrevolutionised English Church or State. Johnson's solid understanding goes to the root of the matter when he says:

"Milton's republicanism was, I am afraid, founded in an envious hatred of greatness and a sullen desire of independence, in petulance impatient of control and pride disdainful of superiority. He hated monarchs in the State and prelates in the Church, for he hated all whom he was required to obey."

It is ridiculous to ascribe modern notions about liberty to one who was so tyrannical a bashaw in his domestic relations—"he thought women made only for obedience and man only for rebellion". No one has said nobler and more uplifting things, in stateliest embroidery of rich words, about the filial freedom of the child of God, a freedom dispensing, as he believed, from all forms and sacraments of approach to heaven, and making even prayer unnecessary. But such a glorious liberty was confined to adult males, and among these practically to John Milton. "Great, magnificent, unique", he has been called, and he deemed himself to be so. From the day the Westminster Assembly cited him to answer for his tractates showing a husband's right to put away his wife at will and take another, Milton's hatred of Presbyterianism was almost as fierce as his hatred of prelacy. He was the supreme Individualist.

But there is no reason why a very disagreeable man should not be an august and imperial poet. The theological machinery of "Paradise Lost" is as mediæval as the astronomy—for Milton belonged to the old world, not the new. But it is art, and it is sublime. Much, however, as Milton despised rhyme, his artistic genius is surely better seen in poems like "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso"—or, again, in the gorgeous cadences of his prose—than in the rather tedious stretches of his blank verse. Only one or two poets have written successfully in this measure—Shakespeare, certainly, and Tennyson. Was Milton one of them? His "Paradise" is not all metrifed on the level of the exquisite and touching eloquence of the first fifty-five lines of Book III. To tell the truth, "Paradise Lost" enjoys to some extent a succès d'estime, or de révérence, as does also the writer himself.

For our part we wish he were praised less and read more. For majesty and gloriousness—Milton was "glorious" in the old as well as the newer sense of the word, but we mean now only the latter—are qualities of style and thought which are sadly lacking in an age that has converted the "solemn musick" of life into kitchen lancers. As an anthropomorphic and sense-mediated thinker, as a ceremonious and full-dress stylist, Milton is no puritan. But so far as puritanism stands for *σπουδαιότης* and austerity, he is its leading literary exponent, and we do not know any influence which modern habits of thought could less well dispense with. Milton was sometimes a culture clawing carrion. But we are thinking of Milton the eagle.

AN OBJECT LESSON FROM SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

BY LAURENCE BINYON.

LET us imagine a Frenchman with intelligent interests visiting our shores for the first time. He knows of English art by reputation, let us suppose, and by such specimens of it as may be seen in the Louvre and the Luxembourg. He is eager to see the masterpieces of the school which has had such vital relation with the school of his own country, and perhaps still more to see what it is doing to-day and what it promises to achieve. He hears that there is a large and representative exhibition at Shepherd's Bush. He remembers the wonderful collection of French painting and sculpture brought together at the Paris Exhibition of 1900. He expects doubtless to see a collection equally instructive and delightful. Well, after a conscientious study of the seventeen galleries, I wonder what his impressions will be. He will have begun well. There are choice things, famous classics, in the two rooms of eighteenth-century and earlier nineteenth-century masters; then there is a room containing certain beautiful works of the Pre-Raphaelites and kindred painters; but after that? Chaos is come again, he will begin to think, as he tries to put in order his sensations or arrive at some connected idea, something that will afford a clue to contemporary English art. What a welter of more or less accomplished mediocrity, with here and there a picture that holds the mind, seeming lost among uncongenial neighbours, fills the walls! To trace any significant current or movement is a hopeless task. None such is perceptible. One gets the same pathetic and depressing effect of utter transience which the ordinary "picture of the year" produces. No section or school is well represented, not even the Academy. There is no single painting by Whistler. It may be thought that he is claimed for America: yet there are etchings by him in the Black and White room. The names of Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Conder will be sought for in vain through the multitudinous array of Index to Artists. Mr. Steer has one picture, and Mr. Charles Shannon one—skied and practically invisible. Mr. Tonks, Mr. Strang, Mr. Orpen, and Mr. John are similarly represented. Mr. Rothenstein fares better; he has no less than two paintings in the galleries, and one of these a large and important work, "Carrying Back the Law". Of Charles Furse there is nothing but the little "Lord Roberts", one of his most admirable pictures, also skied. In the Pre-Raphaelite room, by the way, the contemptuous treatment accorded to Blake's "Canterbury Pilgrims" and to William Morris' "Guinevere", both of which are hung far too high to be properly seen, is deplorable. It is perhaps needless to add that just as there is no Whistler among the paintings, so there is absolutely nothing by Alfred Stevens, our greatest sculptor and our greatest draughtsman, among the sculpture or the drawings.

Now it is true that in this exhibition there are a number of very beautiful things, and there is a fair amount of interesting works even among the contemporary painting and sculpture. Those who are familiar with our art will be able to find these, by taking time and trouble. But what we have a right to complain of is the total absence not only of any controlling idea of choice but of anything like intelligent arrangement, so far as modern art is concerned. Worst of all is the absurd lack of proportion. "Any painter is as good as another" seems to have been the democratic principle acted on. On the Frenchman, who comes in innocence to be instructed, the result must be bewilderingly tempered with boredom. How is he to know that the contemporary art of Britain is quite misrepresented in this Fine Art Palace? It is true that, if he crosses over to the French section, he may have an inkling that something is wrong with the exhibition. For French art of the nineteenth century is represented with perhaps even greater perversity and disproportion. That, however, is not our business. What one cannot help feeling is that on our side a splendid opportunity has been in great measure thrown away.

The Fine Art Palace is not, however, the only refuge

of art at Shepherd's Bush. Those who have penetrated to the uttermost parts of the huge exhibition, and have had the curiosity to enter the Irish Village, will find there a room full of pictures which will gladden and refresh jaded eyes. Here is just what one desires: a small collection of well-chosen pictures, excellently arranged. The organiser of this exhibition is, of course, Mr. Hugh P. Lane, to whom Dublin owes its recently opened Modern Gallery, everywhere recognised to be in quality and representativeness unmatched among its European rivals. Some of the pictures now at Shepherd's Bush are indeed lent by this Dublin gallery. Mr. MacColl pointed out in this REVIEW some time ago the extraordinary success which has been achieved in Dublin owing to the fact that the entire organisation of the collection has been in the hands of a single man of taste and courage. One need only go to Dublin to see for oneself; and to see is to wish most heartily that the same system and policy could have prevailed in other countries. It is indeed a great thing that the example should be there, as a standing lesson to all committees and all municipalities. It is better than any argument. And if you cannot go to Dublin, go at least to "Ballymaclinton" at Shepherd's Bush. You will be surprised to find how many eminent lights of our contemporary art turn out to be Irish. Not that I am quite persuaded by Mr. Lane, who finds in the works he has brought together here a distinctive temperament, the mark of what will be recognised as the Irish school of painting. However, without going into difficult questions of ethnography, where so much is intangible and where our wishes are so prone to father our thoughts, one can only rejoice in the high level of excellence and take as much pride in it as Ireland will allow us. To begin with, there is a whole row of paintings by Charles Shannon, looking already like classics, with their assured style and inbred sense of beauty. All of these have been seen before, except the fine portrait of Mr. Yeats. Mr. J. J. Shannon is equally well represented. So is Mr. Lavery—the graceful "Spring" being lent by the Luxembourg Gallery—and Mr. Mark Fisher, and Mr. Orpen. These, and Mr. Chowne, are familiar to us in London; and I will only remark on the contrast between the incoherent arrangements of the Fine Art Palace and this sensible method of presentment, by which the stranger has a chance of appreciating what the more important artists really stand for, and what they have achieved. But the peculiar interest of the collection is in the works by Irish painters who are not known to the English public, and chiefly the landscapes of Mr. Nathaniel Hone. These will be a surprise to many, for they reveal a landscape painter rivalling the best now living in Europe, and one of independent mastery. Whether there is anything specifically Irish in the force and freshness of Mr. Hone's brush, or in the reticent feeling which underlies his work, I do not know. His landscapes fill one with admiration, yet of all these Irish pictures I confess that the one which means most to me is the little canvas called "The Waders," by Mr. George Russell, known to some of us for a long time as the poet "A. E." I cannot explain why this picture is so intimately moving. Three young girls on the sea-sands are standing on the edge of a runnel, and shy feet are put out to touch the water. Nothing factitious is added; it is just a group that anyone might see any day. But it has been seen by a man who thinks and feels, and the picture in its turn becomes a real experience. I must not omit to mention the admirable double portrait by Miss Harrison, nor the portraits by Mr. Kelly, one of which (No. 35) rises to rare dignity. Would that the Fine Art Palace had been given over to Mr. Lane!

A PAGAN BURIAL-GROUND.

IN the room of Anglo-Saxon antiquities at the British Museum are two cases labelled "Anglo-Saxon Remains from Droxford".

The Venerable Bede, in his "Ecclesiastical History", tells us that of the German races who conquered Britain, the Angles, the Saxons, and the Jutes, the last settled in Kent, in the Isle of Wight, and in certain parts of Hampshire. It would seem that they occupied the

district bordering on the Solent and Southampton Water and the land of the Meonwaras. "The stages of the Jutish progress", says the modern historian, "are marked by a succession of townships along the Meon Valley from mouth to source. Meon, Titchfield, Wickham, Soberton, Droxford, Meon Stoke, Corhampton, Warnford, and Meon East and West were all existing in the eleventh century, and in all likelihood had then been founded nearly 600 years."

Archæological researches have abundantly confirmed Bede's statement as to the Jutish occupation of Kent and the Isle of Wight. Characteristic Jutish ornaments, such as are found in the Danish mosses, have been discovered in the pagan graves of Kent and of the Island Downs. But on the Hampshire mainland no such evidence had been forthcoming. "Up to the present time", wrote Mr. Reginald Smith, in the "Victoria" History of Hampshire, published in 1900, "no discoveries have revealed any trace of Jutish occupation on the mainland of Hants". "It is possible", he adds, "though hardly to be expected, that finds will one day be made in the Meon district."

The words can hardly have been in type before the interesting discovery was made. The Meon Valley Railway was in process of construction. For some miles the line follows the low ground which skirts the course of the river, but at Droxford it cuts through the top of the hill which overlooks the valley. It was during the making of this cutting, immediately above the ancient church of Droxford, that the Jutish occupation of the district revealed itself. No mound was visible, and the rough pasture land gave not the slightest indication of what lay only a few feet beneath the coarse herbage. At first a few human bones attracted the attention of the navvies. Then some spearheads were found, and battered fragments of corroded iron. The news reached the ears of a distinguished archæologist, who was quickly on the spot. It was clear that an ancient burial-ground had been struck, and one of considerable size. The graves were only about two feet below the surface; but owing to the nature of the soil it was difficult to remove the bones without breaking them, and the employment of a steam-navvy did not improve matters. In some cases entire skeletons were laid bare, the bones being surrounded by large flints. One skeleton, as it rested on its bed of chalk, measured eight feet in length, and beside it lay a mighty sword. A large number of skulls and lower jaws were found, the teeth of which were in a state of perfect preservation. Many of them were, it is true, ground down, perhaps one-third of their original size, by actual use, but no sign of decay was visible. With regard to the position of burial no rule had been observed. Some bodies had been interred east and west; other skeletons lay north and south. The burials were numerous and close together. Frequently some articles had been placed beside the body; other times the corpse had been simply covered with flint-stones. Among the articles found were several swords, but spearheads and shield-bosses were more numerous. Knives too were frequently met with, and sometimes a knife and spear together. Beside one of the swords lay a large nodule of pyrites; and a piece of whetstone had been placed by one of the spears. It was evidently thought that the weapon would require sharpening. Some horse-shoes were also found. The burial-place, however, was not one for warriors only. A large number of female ornaments were discovered. Among these were fibulæ of various designs and richly gilded, spindle-whorls of Kimmeridge shale, several pretty tweezers, and a large number of beads. Vessels were represented by "a small rudely-made cup of black earthenware, fragments of two other pots of black ware, and part of a brown glass tumbler, as well as the remains of two small wooden vessels made tub-fashion, and hooped with bands of bronze". In addition to these objects a number of Roman coins were discovered, chiefly of the time of Marcus Aurelius, Crispus, Maximinus, and Constantine II.

Of these discoveries, by far the most interesting, indeed the one that gave distinction to the Droxford cemetery, consists in certain fibulæ of a special fashion and design. These fibulæ or brooches are circular concave ornaments, and peculiar to the Jutish race. They have been found in tribal burying-places in Kent,

in the Isle of Wight, and in Jutland. To these must now be added the recently discovered burial-ground in the Meon Valley. Thus, in the year 1901, the making of a railway has been the means of proving the statement, often doubted, of the venerable historian of Jarrow, made twelve centuries ago, with regard to the occupation of South Hampshire by the Jutish tribe.

The cemetery was clearly pagan, used by the worshippers of Thor and Wodin. The Jutes were the last of the Anglo-Saxon settlers to accept Christianity. Long after the other tribes had forsaken their ancient deities, the Jutes of the Isle of Wight and of the Meon Valley clung to the gods of their forefathers. It was not till the close of the seventh century that, in consequence of the labours of Bishop Wilfred, the faith of Christ found a lodgment in the valley. Then in the course of time Christian churches began to supplant the heathen temples; and the cemetery on the top of the hill, associated with pagan rites, fell into disuse. The settlers carried their dead to the sacred enclosure beside the little wooden church which they had erected in the valley hard by the Meon stream. As generation followed generation, and the worship of Christ finally displaced the worship of Wodin, the burial-place, where the ancient warriors lay beside their weapons and their hunting-knives, and where the ladies of the settlement had been buried with their tribal ornaments, came to be forgotten, and for long centuries its very existence was totally unknown. Little thought the aged Isaac Walton, when he stayed with his daughter at Droxford Rectory, and wandered over the rector's glebe, that he was treading on ground sacred to the memory of our Jutish forefathers! How the knowledge too would have delighted the soul of Gilbert White, who frequently visited the parish in which is the cemetery!

Only a small portion of the pagan burial-ground has been broken up. Its area apparently was confined to the top of the hill, and the railway cut through some hundred yards of it. On each side of the cutting the ground remains undisturbed. The surface consists of rough pasture land, and before the cutting was made a lane ran across it towards the stream below. A portion of this lane, so overgrown with brambles and coarse herbage as to be almost impassable, still remains, and comes to an abrupt end at the edge of the deep cutting. It is now a favourite haunt of many small birds, who build their nests in the tangled brushwood close to the passing trains. In spite of the proximity of the railway, the spot remains a very quiet one, and the wild creatures have not been driven away. In the autumn flocks of goldfinches feed on their favourite thistle-seed, which ripens abundantly in the rank pasture. A long belt of beech trees and undergrowth runs below the burial-ground on its western side, and separates it from the meadows and cornland which slope down to the marshes beside the river. In this thicket vast flocks of wood-pigeons will congregate at certain seasons, and most winters a few bramble-finches will come to feed upon the beech-mast. On a still evening in spring and summer-time the whistle of the stone-curlew will be heard in the marshes below, where the snipe and wild-duck continue to breed, as they doubtless did in those far-off days when the Jutes first occupied the valley. From every side too will be heard the mournful wail of the peewits, who lay their eggs every season on the rough fallow which lies below the ancient burying-place.

BIG GAME PRESERVATION.

By J. STEVENSON-HAMILTON.

HAVING spent some twelve years in various parts of Africa, most of the time in the wilder portions, and having during the latter half of that time been in charge of one of the game sanctuaries, which the growing destruction of game has rendered necessary, I can speak with some personal knowledge of this subject. In the Transvaal the game was long ago exterminated in the higher and healthier portions, but in the fever-stricken bush country on the north-west, north, and east, representatives of most indigenous species remain, and at the end of the war the Government established a large game sanctuary three

hundred miles by sixty, coterminous with the Portuguese border on the east of the colony. The present responsible Government have carried on the scheme in a whole-hearted manner, and within this sanctuary big game has increased amazingly within six years. Outside the sanctuaries on the other hand, in spite of excellent and comprehensive Game Laws, the contrary has happened. The impression borne in upon me, from the experience gained in the Government Game Reserves at Komati Poort, and from observation of conditions elsewhere, is that the only means of really saving the fauna of a wild country like Africa from destruction is the establishment of sanctuaries, with strict regulations as to traffic and carrying firearms within them, and with special supervision.

In wild countries it is almost impossible to place any check on the doings of hunting parties, or to get convictions against them in courts of justice, owing to the exceeding difficulty of obtaining good evidence. Therefore I think that it is hopeless to look for the permanent preservation of game outside sanctuaries in Africa, and all our efforts should be directed to the establishment of such sanctuaries under proper supervision in all British dependencies. Unfortunately public opinion, at least amongst the population of Africa, is altogether uneducated on the subject of game preservation. Amongst the Europeans the better and more educated are beginning to see the value of it (I speak of both British and Dutch, and to some extent Germans and Portuguese), but amongst the less educated such as the trek-country Boer and the British or German trader and storekeeper there is an intense opposition to restrictions on the free and universal slaughter of big game. The Boer settler desires for his part to shoot so much game in the course of the winter months, when farming operations are at a standstill, that the dried meat will last him until the next shooting season comes round, and enable him also to pay the expenses of his trip by the sale of the surplus and of the hides, besides saving any encroachment upon his flocks and herds for his own consumption. The British or other European trader and the lower class of settler also shoot entirely with a view to what they can make out of it, and waste more than the Boer does.

Hunting parties from the towns of South Africa do less harm on the whole, for although wounding often much more than they kill, and frequently shooting quite indiscriminately and perhaps wantonly, their knowledge where to look for the animals, as well as their skill in hitting them, is not on a level with that of the country dwellers. Furthermore among them are found a fair percentage of genuine sportsmen. The same applies to a great extent to hunting parties from Europe; amongst whom I believe that there is often shown some consideration for female and immature animals, as by better-class British and Boer colonists.

In North-Western Rhodesia, which is beginning to be recognised as a tempting game country, much destruction is being done, and I think that the existence of the game there will shortly be threatened. When I visited that country early last year I was much struck by the manner in which the fauna had absolutely disappeared from districts in which ten years ago I had found it in large numbers.

What the SATURDAY REVIEW has said as to professional collectors for museums is also very just. I have in my mind several flagrant cases to the point. In one fourteen giraffe were killed before one suitable specimen was secured; in another over two hundred hippo were killed (last year) near the Uwbe Zambezi junction, and so on.

Recently attempts were made to have the Elephant Marsh Game Reserve in British Central Africa done away with under the pretext that the neighbouring settlers were afraid of lions and of tsetse fly, but really because the presence of protected game forming a potential source of profit, so close at hand, was an eyecore. Fortunately the Commissioner, Sir A. Sharpe, kept a firm upper lip in the matter.

It is a fallacy that where game, especially buffalo, is, there you must have tsetse fly. It would appear more reasonable to suppose, judging from observation, that tsetse fly prefers certain kinds of country, where it

remains in some well-defined belts, oblivious whether there is game there or not. In many places game is found in large numbers with no tsetse, in others tsetse and no game to speak of. In this country tsetse fly abounded in the Cat's Bush before the rinderpest, but after the departure of the epidemic it was found entirely to have disappeared and has not been seen since. The game was, on the other hand, very far from being exterminated by it, and at the present moment several considerable herds of buffalo are in their old haunts, quite unattended by tsetse fly.

As to the native population, in the old days the intertribal warfare, coupled with inferior weapons, acted in favour of the game. The dominant tribes who possessed flocks and herds in great quantities did not hunt, as they possessed plenty of meat at hand, while those weaker peoples who were forced to hunt for a livelihood were afraid to venture very far afield. Under European domination the tribes may no longer kill one another. Not only have they increased enormously, but hunting parties can now everywhere venture freely wherever game exists without the fear of being themselves in turn hunted. Moreover, firearms have been in many places freely introduced, and if unchecked the natives themselves under modern conditions are quite capable of exterminating the game without the help of the whites. This has indeed taken place in several parts, especially of Portuguese territory, within the last ten years, as I know myself. Of course the Bantu races never kill game except when they want meat, and are too indolent by nature to go out hunting unless obliged to do so, but their immense and increasing numbers fully make up for this saving clause.

A good deal of rather strained sympathy is sometimes given expression to regarding the inherent right of the native to kill game. Were he confined to his traditional weapons, and to certain native reserves of size proportionate to the numbers of the individual tribe concerned, this would be just enough. But it should be remembered that latter-day conditions have extended his field and provided him with means of destruction and facilities of travel which not long ago were unknown to him. Intertribal warfare was in the past the most effective means of game protection possible. Again the Bantu is a great conservative, and likes to live just as his father and his grandfathers did before him; therefore, in the absence of hunting restrictions, tribes, which originally hunted because their more powerful neighbours looted their cattle and destroyed their crops and villages, are slow and unwilling to abandon habits then assumed for the pursuit of agriculture and of stock-raising even now when it is perfectly safe for them to begin to accumulate property. But when the hunting is restricted, these industries are at once taken up readily enough.

Next to the general establishment of game sanctuaries, the crux of the question seems to be the preservation of the females. Practically all the "Bovidae" females after reaching maturity (in most species two years) give birth to a single young one for the next eight or nine or possibly more years. From this it is a simple calculation to ascertain the gross increase in say ten years, allowing 60 per cent. of the young to be females; and also to observe the relative difference in the number of animals at the end of ten years caused by the killing, on the one hand of a two-year-old male, and on the other of a two-year-old female.

If by some stroke of the magician's wand public opinion could be brought suddenly to realise this, and the conduct of those going forth to take the lives of the wild creatures be thereby influenced to the extent of inducing them always to spare females, there can be little doubt that nothing in the nature of further legislation as regards white men would be required.

What, it seems to me at present, should be done by those who are anxious to keep this magnificent fauna from utter destruction is to continue to spread sound, wholesome and humane views, so as, if possible, to stop people from thinking that they have done rather a fine thing in slaughtering a large number of beautiful and inoffensive animals quite unnecessarily, and to keep pegging away for the establishment of game sanctuaries, which ought to have a grant in aid from the Home Government in the newer and poorer Protectorates

and other possessions. Most of them could be kept up at an annual outlay of less than £1,000 per annum, not a large sum if we regard the object in view, but one often beyond the means of a new and struggling Administration unassisted from home. Of course, self-governing colonies are generally well enough off to take their own steps. Therefore, by an expenditure of not more than £10,000 per annum in grants in aid, the Imperial Government might ensure the prosperity of game for many years to come.

PUBLIC SCHOOL CRICKET.

THE batting collapse in the Eton and Harrow match has been the subject of much discussion, and multiform conjecture has been rife as to its causes. Too much importance should not be attached to the failure of the boys on both sides coming for the first time to a mud wicket, after a month's play on a fast one. But the capture of the last five Harrow wickets for nine runs and the first six Eton wickets for twenty-nine in about an hour's time after luncheon the first day by moderate bowlers on what looked like a slow but easy wicket is too conspicuous a failure to be attributed entirely to the badness of the light—and even that excuse was not available for the unsuccessful batsmen of the next day. Taking this match in conjunction with the mediocrity of University batting during the season, it is hard to be content with the explanation of one critic who puts it all down to the use of too heavy bats, and one cannot refrain from asking whether the systems of instructions in cricket prevalent in the public schools are altogether free from blame.

In some schools every boy seems to be coached—in others it is a frequent complaint of the parent that the boy gets no coaching and no attention in his earlier career; and as the parent often seems to think that it is only a matter of expense and pains to make a cricketer out of any material however unpromising, he sets to work with the energy and forethought of those who endeavour to make silk purses out of sows' ears, and tries to supplement this deficiency by getting professionals to bowl to his boy in the holidays, and some even begin this systematic training before the boy is ten years old.

That the public schools are turning out an increasing number of second and third rate players few will doubt, but is there any proof that they have produced as many first-rate batsmen since the coaching mania set in? Indeed it is a very open question whether the cricket of a school really benefits by the presence of a large number of mechanically trained players. In old times a boy had to find his way to the front by his natural resources and aptitude for the game, and having done this he had the advantage of careful coaching by an experienced batsman. Now a whole crowd of boys are screwed up to a certain pitch of proficiency, and when wickets are good it is not so easy to distinguish between the player of real genius and his machine-made rival in the middle-life of a schoolboy, and it becomes more and more difficult to choose the best eleven. You cannot see the wood for the trees.

There is another point about this coaching by professionals which is not generally recognised: the coaching is usually done by professional bowlers very few of whom are capable of teaching to bat. Where hundreds of bowlers can give a batsman excellent practice, there are not a score who can detect his faults or draw out his capabilities. Alfred Shaw was a conspicuous exception in his day, and there are not many Alfred Shaws now. Many of these so-called coaches positively introduce bad habits into their pupils' play which are hard to eradicate later. The really good coach is a very rare article.

Another factor which contributes to these frequent failures is the attempt to imitate the Oriental agility introduced into the game by Ranjitsinhji, which few if any Europeans can practise. The aim of coaches now seems to be to turn out players who will take risks on good wickets, ignoring the possibility of wet weather with a view to giving them a good average in a dry season. One sees little of that careful training, which

with a different set of strokes seeks to minimise the risk and make a batsman hard to get out in any wicket. The former school will possibly score more freely off balls which do nothing, but will fail the moment the ground begins to help the bowler, because the batsman is taught to expect the ball to come straight on. The latter school prepares the batsmen against the bowler and the ground.

There seems to be little hope for amateur cricket from the present craze of coaching from the cradle. Even if it were right to enslave your boys to that extent, there are not enough capable coaches to teach them, and it is better not to be taught at all than to be taught wrong. And even if it be good for their cricket, it is certainly bad for their character. It does nothing to encourage the nerve, the initiative and the resourcefulness which match-play promotes.

The better course would appear to be to reduce net practice and increase the number of matches, especially between houses and the juniors in houses. In these matches nerve has its proper value, and the teachable material can be discovered.

It is time enough to begin to coach those who pass this test of nerve and capacity, and you can then find really good coaches enough for your purpose.

There is no doubt that the good players can be found without this constant practice, and that the attempt to coach everybody merely produces a plethora of mediocre players who may do well enough under favourable conditions, but cannot stand the stress of novel circumstances. It has never ceased to be true

"To say extremity was the trier of spirits;
That common chances common men could bear;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating."

CORRESPONDENCE.

"MICHAEL DAVITT AND THE BOERS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Paris, 14 July, 1908.

SIR,—In a recent issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW appears an article by "Pat" ("Michael Davitt and the Boers"), in which mention is made of my name. The tone of the article is offensive; it belittles Davitt by forcing him into the limits of "Pat's" mental and moral grooves. The writer poses as Davitt's particular friend, but it seems unlikely that the great Irishman should have given his confidence to one who so misrepresents him.

Wherever I have been able to test, by my own knowledge, "Pat's" story, I have found it false not only with regard to facts, but in the atmosphere in which it is couched. His short account of my own release from prison is inexact; there is hardly a sentence that conforms to the truth. It is, moreover, written in a sneering manner, and I am forced to defend myself, not by retorting on "Pat", but by representing the verity. The whole circumstances of my trial were such that it had much more the appearance of revenge for my defeat of the Government candidate at Galway than for my deeds in South Africa. My trial was a travesty, as must necessarily be the case when a man's political enemies are accusers, informers, jury, judges. My defence should have been to put the Government in the dock. That was materially impossible; but beyond the limits of England—throughout the United States and on the Continent—the Press, even of those countries traditionally well inclined to British policy, was almost unanimously in my favour.

I fought for my principles; for these I sacrificed my liberty; I faced the danger of sacrificing my life; I did more. I placed myself in a position where I was compelled to endure in silence the misrepresentations and slanders which some of the jingo papers heaped on me, feeling that at any hazard, at the cost of all spirit of fair-play or manliness, they must seek to tarnish my

character in order to explain acts that held up a lesson to the world.

I observe that, following the example of your confrères who so courteously spoke of General Botha as Mr. Botha—until he proved himself master of the situation—you affect to refer to me as "Colonel" Lynch. Certainly you would hardly find in these latitudes any one who has less respect for mere titles than I have. After the war, not wishing to live on the reputation of past exploits, I was known to my friends generally as Mr. Lynch, and if so designated I should have been content. Arthur Lynch suffices. But your quotation marks contain a mean insinuation. My military title of Colonel was conferred on me by the same authority that made Botha General. I won my spurs, moreover, in the field. I have seen more real fighting than officers who have reached the highest ranks in the British Army. Narratives of the war by some of my old comrades, or even your own official and semi-official accounts, are available to prove that more than once I held my own, as near Waschbank and at Beith, against forces out-numbering my own by ten to one. That was the proper time to contest my title; not when as in cowardly spirit you struck a man whose hands were tied.

In saying this I again make a special reservation that I am not afflicted with "Anglophobia". The movement of liberal-spirited Englishmen in my favour made a great impression on my mind. I meet every Englishman fairly and squarely, without prejudice; I had, and I still possess, friendships amongst Englishmen which I cherish. I am quick to respond to generous impulses, I am prone to conciliation; but when unfairly attacked, as so often in your circles in London, I do not count the odds. Already in my literary history I have embalmed my enemies in the leaves of my satire. I fought in South Africa as an Irish Nationalist, an Australian, a Republican. At no time, not even in the darkest hours of solitude and physical suffering in my cell, did I for a moment waver in my principles or regret my actions.

These principles Davitt approved. I heard him tell General Botha that one result of the war would be to further the cause of Home Rule. He disapproved of my declaration to the electors of Galway advising against physical force at the conjuncture which had been then reached. I wrote to him pointing out that my candidature laid a duty on me to express an opinion to which, in the face of disillusion, I had been led. I endeavoured to show reasons why the energies of the young population of Ireland should be turned towards methods, not so inspiring perhaps, but after all likely to be more effective. Davitt replied, in a phrase which gave me occasion long to ponder, that physical force was a "faith".

At no time did I gain from him the impression that the consequences of the South African war had altered his views of Ireland or his Republican principles. Several characteristic remarks of his remain in my memory, and these are in complete opposition to the spirit and manners that "Pat" ascribes to him. Those Irishmen who had the good fortune to know Davitt better than I did will doubtless be able to bear me out.

I am, sincerely yours,
ARTHUR LYNCH.

THE CETINJE TRIAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Vivian finds it an easy thing to get an enthusiastic audience; people love to read about regicides and murders, and the more details there are the more they enjoy it.

Instead of letting the public judge impartially the rights and wrongs of the Cetinje trial, Mr. Vivian, by raking up the tragedy of 1903, immediately prejudices people against King Peter and his family.

By my letter I in no way intended to defend King Peter or his son; the accusations brought against them were too absurd to think that any right-minded person could, for one moment, believe them. I merely

wished to let your readers know that every question has two sides; so far I have only read the one side, and that the Austrian, in the English press.

I have no intention of arguing out the various points with Mr. Vivian. The trial may be over and the prisoners condemned; but the last word has not yet been said: Prince Nikola has yet to speak, and great confidence is placed in his clear judgment.

The following is an extract from a letter which I recently received from a Montenegrin friend, who lives in Montenegro and belongs to the Narodni or National party. "With regard to George Nastić, who has given evidence against Prince George of Serbia, it is generally believed that this Nastić has been put up to it by Austria, through the Bosnian Government, in order to sow discord between the Cetinje and Belgrade Courts. The bomb affair is most unpleasant, and it is evident that there are many intrigues, but the people of Montenegro are innocent. They knew nothing of it all. It is true that Tomanović's Cabinet has not the sympathy of the people, but the people love the Prince and the dynasty. Little hope is placed in the court-martial at Cetinje, the President of the Court, Labud Goinić, is personally hated; but great hope is placed in the Prince, who has had great experience; he will put all in order; every Montenegrin is awaiting with anxiety for the Prince to speak and then all will be well."

The "wild and unsupported charges" which I have brought against the principal witness, Nastić, are gleaned from the various newspapers published throughout the Servian world in Hungary, Bosnia, Herzegovina and Serbia, not merely from the "regicide press-bureau" of Belgrade.

L. C.

A TRUE TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

1 Parliament Chambers, Great Smith Street,
Westminster, 15 July, 1908.

SIR,—It is felt the time has arrived for the formation of a new temperance movement on real temperance lines. The present-day temperance movement with the exception of the C.E.T.S. is really not a temperance movement at all, but a teetotal movement; which excludes every man and woman however temperate and sober their life may be, unless they are total abstainers and supporters of the present Government. The C.E.T.S. has its moderate section but that only touches quite a fringe of Churchmen. So it is proposed to form a Temperance Association which shall be Inclusive not Exclusive. We have no quarrel with the abstainer, and we fully recognise his enthusiasm and self-denial, but he only represents at most 20 per cent. of the adult population. Take any gathering of men and women, at church or chapel, or theatre or great railway station, and ask: "Will all who are abstainers hold up their hands?" What is the answer? Not two out of every ten of the hands are held up. The other eight are temperate, sober-living English men and women. We claim the eight, not the two, represent the True Temperance body in England to-day. We are going to organise and enroll the eight. We claim that Temperance Reform to be a real force must be Inclusive not Exclusive. That is our claim as a new movement. Secondly, we believe that if you would reduce intemperance you must promote temptations to temperance. We do not think that by closing 50 per cent. of the public-houses and allowing German waiters to open drinking-clubs you are going to promote temperance. Further, we do not believe that the average coffee-shop, dirty, ill-lighted, with fly-blown pastry and bad bloaters, is the sort of refreshment-house the English workman is going to spend his leisure hours in. We believe what the English workman wants is what his fellow Continental workman has got: a bright, clean, clubable, all-round refreshment-house or restaurant, instead of our ordinary English public-house, too often only a drinking-shop. And because the Continental workman has this refreshment-house, with him drunkenness is an unknown quantity.

The True Temperance Association will therefore give

its fullest support to Mr. Rutherford's Public House Facilities Bill, which gives to every publican the right and the fullest facility to change his house from the ordinary public-house into an all-round refreshment-house for all who need refreshments of every kind. We want to make every public-house a real hotel for the workman and his wife as much as the Royal Hotel is for Lord Morency and his wife on their motor tour. At present the publican is bound and tied hand and foot; no other tradesman is fettered as he is. He must not have a tea-room or place a few chairs and a table in his garden on a summer evening without first asking permission from the Local Licensing Authority. Let us transform the "public-house" into a refreshment-house and we have done a good deal in the promotion of temperance.

Lastly we say boldly that if you wish to reduce intemperance you must invite and welcome the co-operation of the Trade to help you. No class of men in England are more anxious to reduce drunkenness than the best men among the licensed victuallers, and I write this as a personal abstainer and an old C.E.T.S. worker. If intemperance is to be diminished and the drunkard got hold of and helped, the publican must be welcomed as our ally. And in forming the True Temperance Association one of our main planks will be the co-operation of the Trade. We ask for the immediate support of all who are in agreement with us on these lines. We intend carrying out a campaign through England this autumn and winter.

We ask for subscriptions on behalf of that campaign. We believe we are on sound lines. We are not here to fight the teetotaler, but to promote temperance on quite other lines. These are the main outlines of the True Temperance Association. Will all who believe in them send their names and subscriptions to the Hon. Treasurer, Ernest E. Williams, Esq., Barrister, King's Bench, Temple, E.C., or to myself?

HARRY PHILLIPS,
Hon. Secretary.

THE FREE CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—On reading the malevolent caricature of a Free Church Sunday School by your correspondent who signs himself "Nonconformist", I am led to wonder whether his right to this pen-name comes from his refusal to accept the idea of a Sunday School at all, be it Free Church or Anglican. One may reasonably suspect from the hostile tone of the letter that any interest he has in the welfare of children is political only.

Without detracting in any way from the advantages of a superior education in Sunday School teachers, I venture to suggest that the first requirements of such teachers should be spiritual zeal and capacity to train children; and these may well be in the possession of the class of teachers to whom he refers. Many such do I know who not only give much time to the preparation of the lessons (which are selected and arranged by competent authorities) but who also take a personal interest in their scholars, meet them during the week, watch over them from year to year, and have welcome access to the scholars' homes. Even granting that the historical and doctrinal instruction from the Bible may be open to improvement, is not the example and friendship of such a teacher of inestimable value to the children? If your correspondent were heartily engaged in this work, he would find, as I have found, that boys and girls even drawn from the poorest quarters respond readily and affectionately to such influences.

With regard to school discipline, while scholars are naturally "alive" (and one would not wish them otherwise), even in the accommodation your correspondent describes, superintendents, as I know from experience, can exercise satisfactory control and can obtain singing that is delightful to hear.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
ANOTHER NONCONFORMIST READER.

THE TEA TAX.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Anti-Tea-Duty League, 6 Old Queen Street,
Westminster, S.W., July, 1908.

SIR,—I am quite unable to agree with you in your reference to the remarks of the chairman of The Empire of India and Ceylon Tea Company Limited in your issue of 27 June.

It seems to me to be self-evident that if the action of the Government in maintaining a tax which is approximately 65 to 70 per cent. upon the average value of Indian and Ceylon teas as imported into this country results in the depreciation of that value, it is a most fit and proper question for the shareholders of tea companies to discuss in their meetings.

That the heavy taxation on tea has resulted in the reduction of the selling price of the article to a serious degree I maintain and am prepared to give proof of. You would not deny to the shareholders in a newspaper company, for example, the right to criticise and institute active agitation against a Chancellor of the Exchequer who might revive the old paper duties. Why therefore should not the shareholders in a tea company, through their chairman, condemn unfair taxation also?

Yours obediently,

STUART R. COPE,
Secretary, Anti-Tea-Duty League.

H. B. BREWSTER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 7 July.

SIR,—I was startled, the other day, on opening a newspaper, to find there a record of the death of H. B. Brewster. Who could associate the thought of death with that pagan soul, so fresh a fount of friendship, so delicately and with what distinction alive? He lived, intimate and aloof, in the world of Rome, knowing everyone, choosing his companions. He had a remarkable talent, which he chose to express in the language with which he was probably most familiar. He put his mocking philosophy into that brilliant and engaging book which he called "L'Ame Païenne", and his imagination into the libretto of "Les Naufrageurs", which he wrote for the music of Miss Smyth. He brimmed over with knowledge, ideas, arguments, and sympathies; he helped everyone who came to him for advice. I imagine his untroubled ghost wandering in Rome, permanent, among the many great and friendly shadows that people that immortal air.

Your obedient servant,

ARTHUR SYMONS.

UNPUNCTUALITY AT CONCERTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

30 June, 1908.

SIR,—As a humble musical amateur may I venture to appeal to the SATURDAY REVIEW to support me in protesting against the unpunctuality of concert-givers at the present day? Perhaps some people consider it too trivial a matter to be worthy of notice; but to me it appears to be a discourteous and unnecessary habit, and one which must frequently prove a cause of annoyance and inconvenience to those members of an audience whose time is limited. Without any malicious intention, may I suggest that a lesson in punctuality would be in no way detrimental to the sense of rhythm, even in the case of performers of tender age, of whom the ranks of concert and recital givers are now so largely composed?

Yours obediently,

D. L. F.

REVIEWS.

THE BOUQUET OF HERODOTUS.

"Herodotus." VII.-IX. By Reginald Walter Macan. 3 vols. London: Macmillan. 1908. 30s. net.

THE adept—sermone utimur Baedekeriano—the adept in Greek, who is not eager to use his historical imagination, and does not believe in the independent existence of ideas, appreciates his classics greatly by their taste, and as he opens Plato or Herodotus feels much like a gourmet drawing a cork. Has the wine been kept too long, and is my taste what it was? And as the soil has reason of the grape and dictates its flavour, the Ionian and the Attic writer strike the palate differently. Plato it is plain is the drier of the two, the aromatic product of a parched soil. Does not Sully Prudhomme talk of his "odorante verveine"? In the Bacchic scale his equivalent is Frascati rosso. Herodotus is an Yquem, a wealth of flavours under a velvet surface. We have heard a good deal lately of the difference between the Ionic and the Attic mind. They were of the same race, or reputed so; transplantation made the difference, transplantation and Carian blood. Colonies are usually sterile; look at our own. But there are colonies and colonies. A clearing among the Redskins or the Maoris, what does it do but bring out the savagery repressed by centuries of culture in the old country? The Ionian, when he slipped across the Ægean from island to island, settled in the fairest climate in the world, at the mouths of valleys down which Asia flowed. At the touch of the East, while the mother-country lay under the heel of the feudal Heraclids, Ionia showed the way in every kind of mental activity—Epos made out of Saga; the birth of Lyric and Music; geography, exploration, science; maps and coins. The spark passed backwards across the sea, and Greece practised each discovery, but of invention what has she to show but the stage-play? It was Athens, to her shame, that checked the course of Ionian science, and preferred Sicilian rhetoric and the inspired logomachy of Socrates.

All this time and late classical taste have taken from us; Homer and Herodotus alone survive, and Herodotus had a hard struggle for life; the pure Tuscan mind of Athens was offended at his bulk and breadth. Still he was too good to go. The critic Dionysius has the honesty to say: "Thucydides and Antiphon are fine but not pleasant; Ctesias and Xenophon pleasant, superlatively, but not as fine as they might be; Herodotus is both." His art is truly unathenian. A vague feeling of fate and retribution, resembling in some degree tragedy, is all his plot; irony is absent, he does not argue, his rhetoric is harmless. Interest in human nature and pleasure in telling important events are his motives: it is epos again. He was a Carian, as the names of his forbears show; he felt the East, from Lydia to Cathay, behind him; and like those other great Asiatics, Strabo and Galen, while a Greek in consciousness, he knew all there was in the world. As they bring before us the Roman Empire from Spain to Colchis, Herodotus takes us in his book on his own journeys all round the Levant and the Ionian Sea. His history is the biograph of the præ-Periclean age; our only complaint is that the ribbon ever stops. The Master of University has completed Messrs. Macmillan's fine edition, begun years ago by Professor Sayce. Buoyant erudition is his characteristic; one may think too much honour is done to the endless theorists whose views are analysed at ample length, but we can only be grateful for such triumphs of execution as the notes.

One of our Universities has recently heard a discourse from the most brilliant of Germans—the only readable one—the Freiherr U. von Wilamowitz-Möllendorf, upon Ancient Historians. Taking Gibbon as his starting-point, the Professor ranged over the field of history from the Ionian logographers to the scientific history of our generation; and sought to make out that history in the real sense is a creation of the present time, that previously the method had been essentially the same: Gibbon did not differ materially from Ephorus. The distinction between scientific and

unscientific history lies in the evaluation of sources; Tacitus and Gibbon were guilty of industry only; they collected facts without allowing for the circumstances and the bias of their authority. This we do now; as bacteriology has transformed therapeutics from empiricism to science, "Quellenforschung" has given us for the first time history. In such a survey of history Herodotus, it is plain, comes very early in the list.

It is difficult to agree with so much self-complacency. The Prussian mind at its best seems both wooden and violent. It is more correct to say that accuracy has grown, unceasingly, from one age to another, without any marked gap. That the nineteenth-century practice of "Quellenforschung" is a sign of any essential or vital improvement in that period over the past may be doubted on two grounds. First, the accretion of new material, where it has taken place, is in favour of the tradition as given in these untrustworthy annalists; the palaces of Greece and Crete have rehabilitated the Tales of Troy and of Minos' empire; the stele and the strata in the forum have set old Roman history up again; papyri and inscriptions are undermining the vast theory of Israel edified by Biblical critics; who can say how much of Mommsen's great structure is sound? Everything shows a greater probability of the truth of tradition. And secondly, the ratiocination which issues in these reconstructions—this analysis of sources, destruction of tradition and re-edification on the old site—is it within our powers? is it not an autodelusion? That it is an inherent curiosity—not unlike the metaphysical itch—may be admitted; but the failure and disappearance of one system after another inclines one to think it is a curiosity without reward. The Wolfian Prolegomena need no longer be read; the work of Kirchhoff on Homer and Herodotus is in dust; anthropology garbed in lyric prose is seeking even now to supply new statements in place of those which satisfied Grote. We come back to the annalist; we must be accurate of course, as they tried to be accurate; it is only a question of degree. When we have settled that the Iron Duke did not say "Up Guards and at 'em", and that Cambronne, as his descendants protest, did not utter the syllable which has immortalised him, wherein are we profited?

The matter may be put on a higher ground. History is not really science; the word is a misleading metaphor. The past is not essential to our life; it does not lengthen our days, or make us masters of the world, or throw a light beyond our deaths. It has only a "cultural" value, to use a vile word. It supplies the student with vicarious human experience. In this sense Tiberius as conceived by Tacitus is as valuable as the Tiberius of fact.

Not all things are important for culture; among those which are important mental process, the contemplation of the working of man's mind, is superlative. Therefore when the anthropologist in early periods or an "Histoire documentée" in later ages sets before us ascertained facts, our minds may play upon them unaided, and we may, as Herr von Wilamowitz in an eloquent simile says, give these shades our heart's blood to drink; but this is no more precious teaching and no more essential verity than Thucydides' view of Pericles, or Homer's account of the manner of the death of Hector.

UNIMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

"Mr. Gladstone at Oxford." By C. R. L. F. London: Smith, Elder. 1908. 3s. 6d.

WE recall a lady who scarcely ever spoke—and she spoke a great deal—without bringing in the name of a titled person. She troubled a plain man so much that one day he forgot himself and exclaimed, "Mrs. —, couldn't you give us a commoner now and then?" There are people who aim at something corresponding with the titled person in conversation. They strive not to waste breath on ordinary remarks. They must say things out of the common. Remarks such as "Have you been to the theatre lately?" "It's going to be a fine day, I think," "Might I trouble you for the salt?" which form the staff of conversation for the bulk of humanity,

are to them the base commoners of talk. They must be ever striving to throw light on something or other; or—in the inane phrase—to “shine in the art of conversation”. It is impossible to turn over the pages of a little book like “Mr. Gladstone at Oxford” without some thought about artificial conversation. No doubt Mr. Gladstone himself was perfectly innocent. He did not artfully make himself a talker, he was somehow born one. Silence or common form remarks indeed would have been artifice in him; and so far as we have heard or read, he was rarely silent and never common form. “What a wretched day it has been” is the kind of unilluminating remark which he was constitutionally incapable of making, if we may judge by the records of his intimates and great admirers; and they treasure up his every word. No feather moulted by the eagle is too small for them to pick up and keep. It is coming fast to this—

And did you once see Gladstone plain?
And did he stop and speak to you?
How strange it seems and new!

In 1890 Mr. Gladstone spent a week in Oxford as a Fellow of All Souls, and one of its “quondams” went up “with a view to writing down . . . anything I could collect of interest, and especially any of Mr. Gladstone’s famous conversation”. This book is the result of the pilgrimage. The table-talk of great men, well chosen and arranged, has made more than one fine book. Coleridge’s forms a classic in our literature. Hartley Coleridge said that after listening to Coleridge for several hours he went away with “divers splendid masses of reasoning” in his head, the separate beauty and coherency of which he deeply felt. He found however that he could not at once recall them precisely. He had to muse on them for several days before the fire began to rekindle. Something of the kind is often felt by descriptive writers: they cannot set down what they have just seen. There is no “reporting” it with success. The imagination must work at ease upon the scene for a while ere a description can be found. Unfortunately C. R. L. F. seems somewhat wanting in the imagination that rekindles. We get an impression of a group of anxious and embarrassed Boswells, very amateur Boswells, trying to draw on and show off a great man: F., A. C. H., C. W. O., C. H. R., all cutting in here and there with an occasional remark, have but one idea—to act as pegs on which the great man shall hang his wit and wisdom. It is not quite a dignified position for any man to find or put himself in, but the thoroughgoing hero-worshipper makes small account of that. The writer of this book is a true hero-worshipper. He is all as ready to record his snubbings, or say reproofs, as ever Boswell was. Thus of Mr. Gladstone: “He quite politely but firmly shut up one of us who, with singular want of tact, tried to draw him about the reasons of the unpopularity of the London County Council. ‘Indeed; he had not heard of that—was not much in the way of hearing current gossip.’” Another time someone tried to sound him about his not quite fortunate 1859 mission to the Ionian Islands: “there was a momentary and very characteristic lifting of that well-known right eyebrow, and then with perfect courtesy he rose, saying, ‘And now I think it would be very pleasant to see the moonlight in the quadrangle’”. No detail is exactly a trifle, we suppose, to the hero-worshipper. “I noticed him drinking severally port, claret which the ‘screw’ (the junior Fellow who decants the wine) in his agitation had by mistake poured into a port decanter, and brown sherry.” “After nine o’clock he often yawned.” On another occasion, turning slightly towards the butler he remarked that the shape of the pats of butter was just the same to-day in Oxford as it was when he was an undergraduate. The butler was a great admirer of Mr. Gladstone, and had named his son Ewart in 1886. But after all it is the conversation on a multitude of subjects rather than the habits of Mr. Gladstone that our author primarily lays himself out to record. And let us agree that some of the scraps here given are very entertaining. It is not easy to put the book down till most of it has been read. Odds and ends on all sorts of subjects,

history, the classics, the personal side of politics, life “then and now”, art and music, are given. What “a pocketful of sixpences”! What treasure trove for anyone writing a “London Letter”! It is said that Queen Victoria once complained that Gladstone had a way of addressing her as if she were a public meeting. C. R. L. F. says that Gladstone came to the breakfast-table at All Souls “just as he might have come to the table of the House”. One morning he brought a loaf with him and began: “This loaf is presented by a baker who is pleased to describe himself as an admirer of mine”. “We ate the loaf”, says C. R. L. F.: “if I remember right it was a trifle heavy.” How are we to take such ana gravely? But the author is clearly a humourist: so probably they were not meant to be taken so. Frankly, we do not suppose that this book will add to the wisdom of men; but we may be glad that Mr. Morley gave his imprimatur if only for the author’s delightful description of Mr. Gladstone’s manners and for the letter to the Warden proposing himself as guest. One often hears of the fine flower of courtesy, which some think blossoms in these days as seldom as the aloe. With Mr. Gladstone, however, it seems always to have been in full bloom.

THE HOLY CITY.

“Jerusalem.” By George Adam Smith. 2 vols. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1906. 24s.

A SYMBOL which stands for certain imperishable ideas—that is what Jerusalem means to most people. Human nature instinctively associates religion with holy places, the facts of experience with the facts of history; and in Jerusalem the association is stronger than anywhere else, mysticism and archæology are equally concerned. No one understands this better than Dr. G. A. Smith. He is thoroughly familiar with the site and with everything that has been written about it; he has a genuine enthusiasm for religion; and he is gifted with an imagination which carries him with unflagging zest through the débris of centuries, and enables him to detect the significant and essential points. We like his writing best when he is least rhetorical; but there are times when he rises to true eloquence and makes us grateful as we drink of the brook in the way.

The topography of Jerusalem is apt to haunt the mind like a nightmare; it is one of the most dreary of problems, and yet it cannot be left alone as unimportant. To begin with, there is the difficulty that we have to make allowance for at least forty-three sieges or destructions known to history, and to work down forty or fifty, in some places a hundred, feet below the present surface before we can recover the Jerusalem of the famous past. The attempt is beset with intricate controversies; but under Professor Smith’s guidance we find it less formidable than we used to imagine. With admirable good sense and knowledge he has succeeded in clearing the way. Some of the main features of the ancient city are emerging out of uncertainty. There is the position of Sion, the City of David. We need doubt no longer that it lay on the East Hill, south of the present Harām or Temple area, on the bare shoulder which is now covered with the accumulated rubbish of ages. Here, on a strangely narrow area, stood the original fortress which David captured, the Ophel of the historical books, the Akra of the Maccabean period, its situation determined by the natural strength of the ridge and the neighbourhood of a perennial spring. The Old Testament evidence is practically conclusive, and the tradition lasted down to 100 B.C. Then followed a hundred and fifty years of violent change; by the time that Josephus wrote the tradition was lost, and mainly owing to his mistake the South West Hill has been treated as the original Sion and City of David both by Christians and by Mohammedans. It is time that our popular maps were corrected here.

Another vital point in the topography is the position of the principal spring. When he comes to the water-supply of Jerusalem, Dr. Smith warns us to bear in mind a consideration which is often forgotten, the

action of earthquakes in diverting the subterranean movements of the springs. We cannot, therefore, be sure that the existing system has undergone no alteration; but we may take it as practically certain that the present Virgin's Spring was the Gihon of the Bible, just below the eastern wall of Sion; Hezekiah brought its water by means of a tunnel into the pool of Siloam within the city walls. Besides this intermittent supply, there is only one other natural spring in the neighbourhood, the Well of Job outside the walls, and no other can be traced with any certainty; for the rest of its water the city had to depend, as it does now, on tanks and aqueducts. It is extraordinary that a place of such importance as Jerusalem should lack not only water but most other natural advantages. Below the stirring events of its history the patient, unrecorded struggle for water was always going on, and the moral effects of it have left their traces in the literature.

Within recent years the course of the ancient walls has been to some extent recovered, especially on the south; excavations have proved that the main city wall crossed the mouth of the Tyropæon valley below the pool or pools of Siloam. It requires some effort to realise this because the existing walls dominate the imagination. But there is one wall which has not been, and cannot be, excavated, for it crossed the very centre of the present city. This is the Second or Middle Wall of Josephus; we know where it started and where it ended, but between these extremities its course is quite uncertain. And on the course of this wall depends the authenticity of the site which Christendom has venerated more than any other. We do not know whether the wall ran inside or outside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; after twenty-seven years' study of the evidence Dr. Smith tells us that he cannot come to any definite conclusion on the matter.

Unlike most other holy places, whose sanctity was founded in the mists of early legend, Jerusalem has a history which can be followed from the beginning. Our author is no doubt right in laying stress upon three crucial episodes in the eventful story: the choice of the city by David and his erection of Jehovah's shrine there; the interpretation of the city's character and destiny by Isaiah; the centralisation of the national worship at the Temple by the code of Deuteronomy. Only by degrees did Jerusalem acquire its unique spiritual position. In the days of the kings the Temple was an appanage of the palace, a chapel royal under the control of the crown; the prophets, however, and especially Isaiah, saw in it something more. Sion became to them the standing pledge of an inviolable and ultimately victorious faith. And here we may express our opinion that Professor Smith, like so many other modern writers, misconceives the opposition of the prophets to what is called the cultus. As the champions of ethical religion they denounced a worship which had no equivalent in moral conduct; but that they were possessed by a sort of protestant animus against the ceremonial side of religion we do not for a moment believe. Under the prophets, then, Jerusalem assumed a new significance; the overthrow and exile of the nation followed; and when a struggling colony made their way back to the ruins of the past it was found that, while all else was gone, the Temple at any rate was left to them, and the doctrine of the prophets. Then the process of idealising began; and curiously enough the two forces which contributed most to it came from outside Jerusalem: there was the better part of the nation which remained in Babylon working out the full system of the Law, and later on there was the Jewish Diaspora, which looked to the Temple as a shrine for pilgrimage, the home of their distinctive creed. Thus "in metropolitan Jerusalem" the seat of a spiritual empire was established like nothing else in the ancient world. So far as externals go its splendour reached the summit under Herod. By a strange irony of history this monster impressed himself upon the city and Temple as no other man had done; but inasmuch as he was no genuine product of Israel the impress which he made did not last long. The true line of development took quite a different direction. Perhaps the most remarkable thing recorded of Jesus Christ is the sovereign manner with which He dealt with the Prophets, the Law, the Apocalypses, all

that was represented by Jerusalem and the Temple. The confidence with which He bade men come to Himself for the satisfaction of spiritual needs is surely the original note of the Gospel; there is no precedent for it in previous history or prophecy. Professor Smith makes this the climax of his long progress through the archæology and history of Jerusalem; it is a fine argument, finely expressed. "There is only one parallel to the influence of Jesus upon the nation, their institutions and their ideals, and that is the revelation of the Name and Will of God in the Old Testament. There it was the Person, the Character and the Work of God which was everywhere the active Power; so in the last years of the history of Jerusalem it is the Person, the Character and the Work of Jesus Christ." Significantly He Himself predicted the destruction, not the restoration, of the city. Under the new order Jerusalem could no longer be the visible home and centre of the faith; it was to be something greater, the symbol of a permanent idea, the world-wide Civitas Dei.

COMMONPLACE ESSAYS.

"Essays, Political and Biographical." By Sir Spencer Walpole. Edited by Francis Holland. London: Unwin. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

"The Story of British Diplomacy." By T. H. S. Escott. Unwin. 1908. 16s.

NO one expects literary judgment from filial piety; and we regret that Sir Spencer Walpole's son-in-law has published a bundle of articles from the "Edinburgh Review" which will add nothing to the historian's reputation. No two better subjects for the biographical essay can be imagined than George Savile, first Lord Halifax, and George Crabbe, the poet. The two essays in question are very disappointing: they are clever, of course, and informed; but they are distinctly commonplace. The article on the Croker Papers is better, and Sir Spencer Walpole, though a decided Whig, does "Mr. Rigby" more justice than any other writer whom we have read. Croker was so unfortunate as to excite the dislike of Macaulay and Disraeli, who have given him a bad name, just as Johnson did to Lord Chesterfield. But Croker was an able public servant at the Admiralty, and a powerful writer in the old-fashioned, truculent style of the "Quarterly", "so savage and tartarly". The essay on the "Causes of the American Civil War" is interesting, if not original, and shows the resemblance between the question of Irish Home Rule and that between the North and the South. It is remarkable that the majority of Englishmen should have sympathised with the Southern Confederates, who were the counterparts of our Irish Nationalists.

We do not quite know how to take Mr. Escott's discursive "Story of British Diplomacy". It is a kind of rambling account of the foreign policy of Great Britain from the time of Pitt to Palmerston. The story of our foreign policy in the first half of the last century is simply the history of England, for domestic policy there was none. Canning, Castlereagh, and Palmerston were practitioners of the policy of intervention. Palmerston indeed loved to have a finger in every pie; though it must be accounted unto him that he always sided with weak nationalities against oppression. In home politics Palmerston was a Whig or rather a Tory of the aristocratic type: but in foreign politics he was an ardent Liberal. It was only after his death that the policy of non-intervention was started by Gladstone, and continued ever since. There are no new facts and no original reflections in this loose and verbose sketch of English History.

RUSSIA AND POLAND.

"Slavonic Europe." A Political History of Russia and Poland from 1447-1796. By R. Nisbet Bain. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1908. 5s. 6d. net.

MR. BAINE'S performance is interesting perhaps to the ordinary reader, but is hardly worthy of his plan. In his necessarily brief sketch of the history of Poland he crowds his pages with unpronounceable Polish names of unimportant dramatis personæ and

futile details of their doings. In the list of his bibliographic references names of foreign authors and translators predominate. Those of authentic Russian historians, such as Karamsin, Bestouzhher-Ruimin, Vustriolov, are conspicuous by their absence. Hence, we take it, Mr. Bain's leanings on vital Russo-Polish questions are Polish. The last invasion of Russia by Poland, which decided their long-contested combat for pre-eminence, was certainly the most momentous period in the whole history of Russia, from a political and national psychological standpoint. Facts pertaining to this period and the thrilling incidents of the narrow escape of orthodox Russia from the Papal hierarchy in Poland, and the ambitious prospects of her King—rejected by the author on insufficient evidence—deserve more impartial analysis and deeper investigation than is to be found in his book.

For nearly eight centuries (1015-1795) the two leading Slavonic nations in Europe were engaged in internecine struggles for political supremacy, struggles which must, sooner or later, end in the effacement, as an independent Power, of one or the other. Acute divergency in religious faith and in national temperament was then, as it is, in a lesser degree, now the chief cause of their international (not individual) rancour. The antagonism and jealousies of the Western and Eastern Churches at the period named were at glowing heat. The Poles, though brave, patriotic and generous to an exceptional degree, were, as a nation, "made of the most unpromising and rebellious material for moulding together". In the best of her days Poland had no power of central government. Her constitution consisted of a *Rzeczpospolita*, Polish Commonwealth, with a puppet King; sometimes two Kings and a *Shliakhta*, a wealthy, powerful nobility that could at any time obstruct the whole Commonwealth and King combined. Russia, on the other hand, had, as far back as the eleventh century, a permanent throne, an acknowledged dynasty, a code, and a national Church inspiring unity.

Russia and Poland first came into serious collision in 1015, on the death of Vladimir the Great, the ruling Prince who converted the heathen Russ to Christianity by ukase. Boleslav, the first Polish Prince, the first to bear the royal title, intervened by force of arms to place Vladimir's eldest son Svyatopolk on the throne of Kiev. The national candidate, chosen constitutionally by the people, was Yaroslav, the younger son of Vladimir. The Poles were defeated in a great battle in which Svyatopolk was killed, and Yaroslav succeeded his father (1019-1054). The last armed intervention of Poland in the internal affairs of Russia was in the early part of the seventeenth century, during the anarchy (*Smootnoyé Vremya*) that reigned there on the sudden rupture of the dynastic succession soon after the death of Ivan the Terrible. The whole history of this last invasion of the Poles into Russia bristles with developments pointing to a preconceived gigantic scheme for a final and decisive struggle for supremacy on the part of Poland and her allies, with the idea of merging Russia and Poland into one Empire with the Church of Rome at its head. Russia's national calamities reached their culminating point in 1612. The Poles, the Lithuanians, the Swedes without, insurrection and a Pretender within—all threatened a dissolution of the entire Russian territory and slavery to the people themselves. To escape from disintegration and the reign of terror, which was rapidly engulfing the nation, Moscow decided to accept the aid of Sigismund, and to receive his son Vladislav as Tsar on his conversion to the Greek Church. The Muscovites and other inhabitants had already taken the oath of allegiance to the young Tsar when the rumour soon spread abroad that Sigismund was employing his son merely as a decoy to gain for himself the throne of Russia under one sceptre with the kingdom of Poland. Smolensk and Nishny-Novgorod (not to be confused with Novgorod, once the northern capital of the Russ) rose to arms in indignation. Smolensk fell to Poles through treachery. But the inhabitants of Nishny-Novgorod, stirred by the patriotism and valour of Minnin, a butcher and mayor of the town, and Prince Pozharsky, the famous warrior, raised the banner of freedom and poured their last personal possessions into the town treasury for

recruits. Smolensk, Viasm, Riasan, Kolomensk, and other towns sent in their levies and volunteers. They flung themselves as one man upon the Poles, and drove them out of Moscow with the aid of the monks of S. Sergius, near Moscow, who for sixteen weeks kept at bay an army of thirty thousand of the enemy in a siege under the walls of their monastery. The Poles are driven out of Russia, Dmitry the Pretender is killed, order is restored, and the Russians elect the young Michail Romanov, the founder of the present dynasty, to reign over them. Polish aggression, like that of Napoleon two hundred years later, found its grave in Russia at the hands of her people's patriotism and devotion to their throne. Russia became a great Empire with a dominant voice in the European concert, Poland soon almost ceased to exist politically, and in 1794 she lay at the feet of Russia, Prussia, and Austria, her conquerors.

A PROGRAMMATIST ON BRAHMS.

"Brahms." By H. C. Colles. London: John Lane. 1908. 2s. 6d. net.

THE method of Mr. Colles' "Brahms", one of a series of "Music of the Masters", is that of the concert-programme, which is useless to the musician and tedious to the amateur. Of what possible use is it to be told: "Op. 47, Five Songs, is a particularly happy opus, since it contains 'Botschaft', a dreaming love song, followed by the more dreaming 'Liebesgluth'. 'Sonntag' amongst so many love songs is very refreshing, since in simplest manner it deals with the homely sorrow of the lover banished during the week"? This sentence is so clumsily expressed that it sounds like a bad translation from German. A part of a sentence on another page of the book seems unmeaning: "the accidents of fingers and keyboard scarcely had been considered". And it is difficult to understand what is meant by such statements as: "To analyse it here is unnecessary, but it must be noted as a powerful example of Brahms' ability to express himself with unflinching boldness and freedom, while, to whatever degree the actual structure might be modified by the needs of his musical idea, it was impossible for him to lose touch with fundamental principles of balance". Such writing is certainly of little use to the kind of reader for which these handbooks seem to be prepared: people who have a vague knowledge of music and who want to know the general facts connected with it. To be told that "to this the special form of the arpeggio figures of accompaniment largely contributes" is of no more use than to be told that a movement in the "Requiem" is "a piece of glorious optimism". Music is neither optimistic nor pessimistic, though it may be sad or happy. Optimism is a doctrine or a belief, and can have no place in music. To say that Hungarian dances are "fresh and jolly" is to use words without the slightest sense of their meaning.

When, however, Mr. Colles, in his last chapter, begins to sum up his ideas of the position attained by Brahms among his contemporaries, he is more instructive and he has something definite to say. "Brahms", he says rightly, "appears isolated and utterly alone; that which links him with the past, his immutable devotion to abstract musical form, cut him off from his contemporaries, while so active and receptive a mind as his, working in the latter half of the nineteenth century, could not remain behind, but necessarily shared in the spirit of freedom and progress which others clamoured for with more insistent voices." And, with a liberality of view which is unexpected and encouraging, he declares that "of one thing only we must beware: the tendency to think that because the immediate progress of the art seems to be away from the principles upheld by the great ones who have finished their work, either they or the present tendencies are wrong". It would be well if every musical critic could realise, and put into practice, this plain piece of good advice.

(Continued on page 86.)

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NOVELS.

"Pauline." By W. E. Norris. London: Constable. 1908. 6s.

One is inclined on concluding it to object that the story of Pauline is not sufficiently interesting, but its lack of interest is really a lack of art. There is nothing very entertaining in the story, but its very slightness and simplicity might have been in its favour had they been handled even with workmanlike dexterity. It fails of a story's plainest appeal: one does not care a fig what happens to a single soul in it. When the hero turns in an all too easily contrived repugnance from the French actress he is feebly in love with, and returns to the blameless English bride that fate and his relatives have arranged for him, we are neither sorry for him, the actress nor the prospective bride. When he hands the bride over to his best friend, and returns via a suicide and attempted murder to the actress, we are just as indifferent to the changed fortunes of everyone, and indeed completely ignorant whether these are for the better or the worse. And when finally the actress dies of consumption in the hero's arms, as is so often the depressing habit of heroines, leaving the man who loves her free for nothing in particular, we know not whether condolences or congratulations are required nor on whom they should be bestowed. Of this dull indifference to fortune there would be nothing to complain were it shown as that stupid stoicism which is so common an attitude of humanity to what it has to endure; but Mr. Norris is far indeed from achieving an effect so delicate. To a foreigner anxious to acquire some knowledge of our contemporary fiction his books might well be commended as typical of the average intention and somewhat above, perhaps, the average attainment. Decorous, good-natured, well-informed, realising quite competently the little they have undertaken, but turning an unconcerned or an unconscious shoulder on all the deep things of life.

"Miss Lucy." By Christabel Coleridge. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1908. 6s.

All Miss Coleridge's cleverness in the description of Lucy cannot remove the feeling of repulsion inspired by the marriage of a well-born girl to a gamekeeper, even though he be such a paragon of manly virtues as Miss Coleridge attempts to describe. But Edgar Lee is only a fancy portrait: he does not seem real, he is a mere collection of good qualities, and we cannot believe in him as a flesh-and-blood possible gamekeeper. We do not quite see Miss Coleridge's object in writing this story. She takes as her motto "What's bred in the bone will come out in the flesh", a particularly stupid and meaningless proverb, but with the accepted significance that good breeding and commonness are alike hereditary. She represents Lucy's offspring as showing in different proportions the elements of their parents' characters, and in spite of Edgar Lee being one of "Nature's gentlemen" two of his children are certainly inferior to their mother in refinement of feeling, and in the air of self-possession and good breeding which she retains amidst her working-class surroundings. Though perfectly well-behaved, they show in some indefinable way that they belong to the class in which they were bred. But their manner is due principally to the fact that they have had to say "sir" and "ma'am" to their social superiors, and to their want of association on equal terms with their mother's relations. Very little is or can be proved of sociological interest from such a story, and the difficulties of the problem are much increased by Miss Coleridge's having chosen to take as examples of the result of a mésalliance the offspring of two such exceptional beings as Edgar and Lucy Lee.

"Ise Raven." By Owen Vaughan. London: Duckworth. 1908. 6s.

Violence and vulgarity are the dominant notes of this novel, in which are described the efforts of the several claimants to an islet on the coast of England to get the better of one another, chiefly by way of attempted murder, in the year 1902. The style of much of the dialogue may be gauged by the fact that Mr. Armitage, the latest comer, consistently uses the word Johnny when speaking of a man, whilst his barrister

friend, Mr. Yale, is fond of calling him a flaming jackass or a record owl. Occasionally we were tempted to regret that the young lady of twenty-five with the Cheltenham education, who in the first chapter wrecks the motor-car of these gentlemen with an overturned harrow (she was on the other side, or one of the other sides, in the Island affair) did not completely succeed in her fell purpose.

"The Crooked Way." By William Le Queux. London: Methuen. 1908. 6s.

If a man is foolish enough to call on a friend's wife after midnight, during his supposed temporary absence, to convey a message which might just as well have been sent in a letter, he may expect troubles. He may—if he is a novel reader—be fairly certain that any murder that is ever going to be committed in that house will be perpetrated by some unknown person while he is hiding, and that it will be discovered just as he is emerging. But it is, we fancy, an original stroke to let a man escape the hue and cry by patrolling the streets for weeks as a blind beggar led by a dog. Mr. Le Queux spends overmuch time in establishing a false scent somewhat tediously, and we have read sensational novels from the same hand which were much more exciting than this one.

"The House at the Corner." By Alice Maud Meadows. London: Laurie. 1908. 6s.

It is long since we have seen a novel which, like this, turned upon the wickedness of the proprietor of a private lunatic asylum, but the theme is not new. There is some ingenuity in the decoying of a girl into the asylum in order that she may pass for a lucrative patient just dead when that patient's mother visits the place. It is necessary to drug the heroine into temporary insanity, but no further harm is done. This episode is dovetailed into the anxiety of the real patient's mother to conceal from her second husband the fact that she had an insane daughter. The result is a passable story of a mildly sensational kind—more in place as a paper-covered railway novel than in the dignity of a six-shilling attire.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Victorian Chancellors." By J. B. Atlay. London: Smith, Elder. 1908. 14s. net.

With this volume Mr. Atlay concludes his biographies of the Victorian Chancellors. The Lives contained in it are Lords St. Leonards, Cranworth, Chelmsford, Campbell, Westbury, Cairns, Hatherley, Selborne, Halsbury, and Herschell. As there has been no Lord Chancellor since Lord Campbell who has undertaken to write the memoirs of his contemporaries, we must be content with an alternative; and Mr. Atlay has done exceedingly well what must have been difficult to do at all. He has surrounded his biographies with their appropriate political, legal and social atmosphere; and he is so well versed in the forensic traditions that his memoirs are as amusing as they are instructive. The sketches of Lord St. Leonards, Lord Campbell, and Lord Westbury are admirable of the generation which preceded those later Victorian Chancellors Lord Halsbury and Lord Herschell. It is easy to understand that the greatest difficulty must have arisen in the two last cases, where one Lord Chancellor is still living and the other has died so recently. Yet we believe they will be found—and even for this very reason—amongst the most attractive of these memoirs. Lord Campbell found out the right way of making biographies of great lawyers, as he found out the right way in many other things; and Mr. Atlay has followed it. There have been huge cumbersome Lives of certain Chancellors, of unreadable mass and detail. The real interest of the Chancellors lies in their personality and their intellectual gladiatorship. They are at their best while they are fighting their way up. The ideal Lives are such as St. Leonards, Campbell, Westbury, Halsbury, and Herschell, who "got there" unexpectedly. It is because Mr. Atlay fastens on the personality that his Lives are never dull. He points out that formal Lives have not been written of some of the Chancellors; but he has made them unnecessary; and those that have not been so written he has probably made obsolete. He has given us just so much Chancellor literature as we want and can enjoy. Most of the Lord Chancellors have been "new men", and genius is said to run in families. But Mr. Atlay's last words are rather unhelpful for the future legal founders of families. "It is somewhat melancholy to note", he says, "how few representatives of the Victorian Chancellors have maintained the traditions of their title." He mentions three only who have; and there are ten biographies in this volume alone.

(Continued on page 88.)

A NEW LIGHT ON THE QUESTION OF LIFE.

DR. C. W. SALEEBY is known for his broad grasp of medical questions and his plain-spokenness in dealing therewith. He is once more to the fore with a publication which will appeal with singular force to the world at large, and to those of us in particular who would possess the secret of well-being.

In his happily-named publication, "The Will to Do", Dr. Saleeby clears up one of the problems of mankind. Right in the commencement the Doctor makes the bold pronouncement that "Nerves Rule the World". And he proves his contention up to the hilt. He further declares it "impossible in the modern world to win success, or even happiness without success, except by nervous activity".

Others have ere now pointed to causes of human suffering without throwing any light upon an antidote. Not so Dr. Saleeby. "It is the business of everyone", he declares, "to inquire into the condition by which his powers may most completely express themselves." The really wise man, says this authority, will thus choose his food, not as most do, by exclusive reference to its taste, but also as to its worth for the tissues of his brain.

The Nerve Test.

In a most interesting manner Dr. Saleeby shows how at one time muscle ruled the world. But one of the great facts of progress has been the discarding of brute force, and the substitution of the nerve test.

Sound advice of a most practical nature is tendered by the Doctor. He declares that "Since nerve now rules the world, and that without nervous health there can be no health, the first question we must ask, when any special food or tonic is brought before us, is as to its worth for nerve".

A Momentous Discovery.

In Sanatogen, Dr. Saleeby has evidently discovered the long-sought tonic food that will tone the nerves whilst at the same time nourishing the body. In "The Will to Do" the author says it would be a sufficient recommendation for Sanatogen that it was proved to be a valuable nerve food. But he points out that it contains another element which is indeed absolutely necessary for life. This is Phosphorus.

Now, a curious fact is brought to light in this publication. "Many of the forms", to quote Dr. Saleeby's own words, "in which phosphorus is administered seem altogether to defy the body to absorb them." There is a wealth of meaning in this that will not be lost on the reader. And in his characteristic way he drives it home in the very next sentence: "The special point about Sanatogen is that not only is phosphorus there, but that it is absorbed."

Dr. Saleeby does not stop there. He tells his readers exactly in what way Sanatogen acts as a perfect tonic food. "Whilst it stimulates, it does not excite so much as supply. It is a true tonic because it is a true food, and in some special way a nerve food."

A Problem Solved.

The prevalence of that mysterious state, nervous exhaustion, which is the curse of the age, and of the other ills due to the stress and turmoil of the age, is dwelt upon. And the writer dwells upon the deep-rooted but mistaken notion that alcohol is useful as a stimulant. It can, as he conclusively demonstrates, become a poison. The need of the age is not merely for a lubricant oil, but for a substance that is actually capable of recreating the machine.

Finally, the writer asserts that Sanatogen not only repairs the waste tissue, but that it has solved the problem of administering the life-giving element, phosphorus, in such a way that the nervous system can take hold of it—a problem which has not hitherto been solved. On all counts Sanatogen is proved to be of equal benefit to the young and the aged, the invalid and the convalescent, the weak and ailing and those who desire to maintain their vigour. Dr. Saleeby's "The Will to Do" will amply repay all readers who value health and the power to enjoy their share of this world's good.

Some specimen copies are available for distribution, and one will be sent gratis and post free on application to the publishers, F. Williams and Co., 83 Upper Thames Street, London, E.C., mentioning the SATURDAY REVIEW. Sanatogen is sold by all chemists in tins from 1s. 9d. to 9s. 6d.—[ADVT.]

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"Bonaparte and the Consulate." By A. C. Thibaudau. London: Methuen. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

The author of these memoirs, which are translated and edited by Dr. G. K. Fortescue, began his political life as a member of the National Convention in 1792, and died in 1854 as a Senator under Napoleon III. at the age of eighty-nine. He was a Republican and voted for the death of the King, but was never one of the Terrorists and indeed ran some danger from them. Under Napoleon as First Consul he held office as Councillor of State and was intimate with Napoleon through the Consulate and Empire. His "*Histoire Générale de Napoléon Bonaparte*" and his "*Le Consulat et l'Empire*" are well-known authorities on these subjects. His other works, "*Memoirs of the Convention and Directory*", and this book the "*Memoirs of the Consulate*" are the autobiographies of a contemporary actor in the great events of the time. The present memoir covers the four years of the Consulate from 1799 to 1804, when Napoleon became Emperor. Their special character consists in their reporting the conversations and discourses of Napoleon on important questions in the Council of State or in private conversation and of conversations with Josephine on political events. They are not speeches but talk as in a committee round a table. Thus in a discussion about education Napoleon said "some children are backward at twelve or fourteen years old while others are too forward at ten. A child should never be despaired of until he reaches the age of puberty. Not until then do his intellectual faculties fully develop. We should always give children as much encouragement as we can." One sees Napoleon's acute vigorous mind at work. This is more the interest of the book even than the political affairs themselves. The memoirs end with the deputation desiring Napoleon to accept the throne. His last-quoted saying is "Our citizens will not become 'my subjects' nor will the French people become 'my people'." Napoleon was at his best and greatest in these four years of his golden age.

"The Naval Annual, 1908." Edited by T. A. Brassey. Portsmouth: J. Griffin & Co. 1908. 12s. 6d. net.

The difficulty of getting information carrying the hall-mark of official authority has compelled the editor to issue a warning concerning particulars which relate to newly-designed ships. In the comparative tables of this year the older battleships find their places in a supplementary list, from which coast defence ships and monitors are excluded. From a note added after the "Inflexibles" had been described by the First Lord it appears that these ships will have to be called cruiser-battleships—whatever that may mean—and the definition holds out useful possibilities for juggling with figures when relative fighting strength comes up for consideration again in the near future. Though the chapter condemning the policy which has raised an "armoured cruiser question" is without signature, a guess can be made at the writer, who blames unscientific nomenclature to some extent for doubt as to the exact rôle the armoured cruiser is intended to fill: his opinions receive considerable reinforcement from a strong backing of logic. Lecturing the outlying parts of the empire for neglecting their true interests must always seem a somewhat ungracious task when the meaning of an "offensive defence" is so little understood at home; but in explaining and emphasising the share of the fleet in the defence of the Empire Sir Cyprian Bridge may do something to discredit parochial ideas of what makes for safety. The most recent progress made with marine turbines is ably dealt with by Mr. Richardson, who takes up the thread of the theme where dropped by the late Mr. Dunele. A welcome feature of the present number of the Annual is Part III., for last year the section on Armour and Ordnance was omitted. Commander Robinson has added much to the interest of this portion of the book by including some account of the capacity of private firms to turn out war material.

"Sicily in Fable, History, Art and Song." By Walter Copland Perry. London: Macmillan. 1908. 5s. net.

If we judge this book by what it professes to be, and not by the standard which is applied by scholars to great original work, we have no hesitation in saying that it deserves sincere praise. We say this in spite of Mr. Perry's unusual petition that "the inaccuracies, anachronisms and other mistakes found in this book will be forgiven to my ninety-four years". It is true that, for example, such a matter as the modern excavations in Sicily is very lightly referred to in the account of the "fabulous" period; and even the general reader might not unreasonably ask that a somewhat fuller account of them should have been given. But taking the book as a whole, the general reader may be very well satisfied to have presented to him, as it is here, the story of Sicily from ancient writers and modern scholars. Mr. Perry knows the classic authors, and he writes of the fable, the poetry, the philosophy, and the history of Sicily with the air of a cultivated man who feels the fascination of his reading and of the historic places with which he is personally acquainted.

"Farm-Cottage, Camp and Canoe in Maritime Canada." By Arthur P. Silver. London: Routledge. 1908. 6s.

Mr. Silver gives as a sub-title "The Call of Nova Scotia to the Emigrant and Sportsman", and Lord Strathcona in an

introduction assures the world that Nova Scotia and its sister maritime provinces, from whatever point of view, historical, industrial, or social, they may be regarded, are "especially fascinating". The day of Eastern Canada, hitherto overshadowed by the West, has, in Lord Strathcona's opinion, "arrived". For the sportsman it arrived long ago. Mr. Silver is among the fortunate ones with the necessary means who have been able to gratify a passion for outdoor pursuits—he seems to be equally at home with rod and gun—in the often almost unbeaten tracks of Eastern Canada. He shows that in natural gifts of soil and scenery Nova Scotia is not behind any of her British North American sisters, and if his book attracts sportsmen it ought also to attract farmers to this delightful province. The book is pleasantly and unpretentiously written.

"Dictionary of National Biography." Vol. V. Craik—Drake. London: Smith, Elder. 1908. 15s. net.

Oliver Cromwell is the chief subject treated in the new volume of the reissue. No fewer than thirty pages are devoted to him as against sixteen to Drake, fifteen to Disraeli, twelve each to Darwin and Defoe, and eleven to Dickens. It shows perhaps a nice sense of proportion that the author of "*Robinson Crusoe*" should be given rather more space than the author of "*Pickwick*". At the end of the Disraeli memoir Mr. Kebbel tells us that the authentic Life is by Mr. W. F. Monypenny, 1908. This surely is a little "previous". Mr. Monypenny's Life of Disraeli has not yet been published, and the reference puts the Dictionary somewhat in advance of time. Otherwise the articles stand pretty much as in the original edition.

"Talbot and Fort's Index of Cases, 1865-1905." Second Edition. By M. R. Mehta. London: Stevens and Sons and Sweet and Maxwell. £1 18s.

The appearance of a second edition of Talbot and Fort's Index has added one more to the list of volumes of the nature of labour-saving appliances to which the practising lawyer may turn. We doubt whether the utility of the work can be at all commensurate with the labour expended upon its preparation, having regard to its somewhat limited scope. Cases are nowadays continually overruled otherwise than by judicial decision, and the presence in the Index of cases whose authority has been deliberately destroyed by statute constitutes a series of traps for the unwary. The Index will nevertheless provide a good short cut through the Law Reports, so long as many reporters abstain from referring in head-notes to cases overruled, distinguished or otherwise commented upon. We have frequently regretted the want of a uniform system of summarising reported cases.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Juillet.

There are several good articles in this number. M. Barret-Rivet deals with the topical matter of air-ships. M. Gaston Boissier forms the subject of an appreciative and careful study by M. Pichon. The late secretary of the Académie française was fortunate in everything he undertook, and seems to have owed much to his charming disposition. His attractive voice alone was enough to make his lectures popular. Then he was undoubtedly steeped to the lips in Latin; he had the social and political life of Rome at his fingers' ends. Those who read them will not forget the articles on Tacitus which appeared in this REVIEW a few years ago. M. Boissier kept himself altogether apart from politics, and was devoted entirely to study. In him the old classic humanism of France, while absorbing everything worth having from German erudition of to-day, yet lost nothing of its native gifts.

For this Week's Books see page 20.

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Dictionary of National Biography (Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Vol. V.). Smith, Elder. 15s. net.

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